

THE AMERICAN REBEL SERIES

Esquire

Man At His Best

November 1990 Price \$2.50

Is he our new DiMaggio?

**MICHAEL
JORDAN'S
GREAT
LEAP
FORWARD**

**BY JOHN EDGAR
WIDEMAN**

**WHY IT'S
BETTER
TO BE KASTY
THAN NICE
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RIEFF**

**THE BEST NEW
RESTAURANTS
IN AMERICA
BY JOHN
MARIANI**

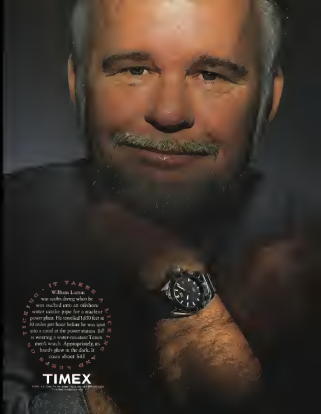


The most remarkable people in this world don't appear on movie screens or in sports arenas or on television tubes. They drive cabs and work in offices and operate machinery. They're just ordinary people like us who happened to have experienced something extraordinary. And survived.

IT TAKES
WILLIAM LARSEN
was sucked down when he
was sucked into an offshore
water intake pipe for a nuclear
power plant. He traveled 1630 feet at
30 miles per hour before he was spat
into a canal at the power station. Bill
is wearing a water-resistant Timex
every watch. Appropriately, his
hands glow in the dark. It
takes about \$45.

TIMEX

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LIVING BY TAKEN

It was Thayer, age 51, stuck to the ship—North Pole with her dog. She pulled a 140-pound sled for 27 days and 140 miles, surviving some polar bear confrontations, three blizzards, near starvation and several days of blindness. Before it was over, a very emotional week's focus the Times women feature column.

It costs about \$40.

TIMEX

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LIVING BY TAKEN


Some Ninewas walked around the world. Almost. During his 22,000-mile, four-year stroll he survived everything from a wild bear attack to four years in a tropical paradise. He's wearing the Magnum watch by Timex. Black and water resistant to 200 meters, it has a second time zone for your world travels.

It costs about \$60.

TIMEX

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It's been some time since the last eew 318 made its way to our shores. But apparently old loves die hard: We now present the BMW 318is. This, however, is hardly an innocent drive down memory lane. The engine eow has over 30% more horsepower, with four valves per cylinder. It's equipped with front and rear spoilers, cross-spoke alloy wheels,

fortified suspension and a five-speed stick. Standard equipment also includes antilock brakes and a driver's airbag. Now then. All motor enthusiasts kindly report to your nearest BMW dealer for a 318is test drive. (Call 800-334-4 BMW for locations or information.) And prepare for some serious exhilaration. THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE: 

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1990

NOVEMBER 1990
VOLUME 116 NO. 5

Esquire

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Photograph courtesy
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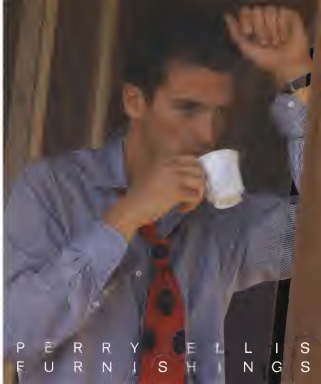
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TRANSITION

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



BOSS SPIRIT THE FRAGRANCE OF TOMORROW



Colours is about playing at your way and living fun with the unexpected. About De Burch, about storytellers, music, wine, nature, Chateau Marmont, Napa Valley, California.



Photo by John David





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Which is why we commissioned a "blind" taste test among vodka and tonic drinkers.

We asked them to choose between the best-selling vodka and a selection of rums from Puerto Rico.

Each was mixed with tonic. But did that make things truly equal? Outraged, after all, was a less familiar taste. There was a tad more.

Yet, fully 47%—almost half!—preferred rum and tonic to the tried-and-true vodka and tonic.

We assume that's because the rums of Puerto Rico, which are aged by law for one year, have a warmer, more alive character than vodka.

What else could explain such a defection?

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Bechatsenge



The World According to Gingrich

By Lee Eisenberg



MY NEWS IS THAT IN ANOTHER month I will be departing for London to help start a British edition of *Esquire*. And while leaving the stable dog and its crew is sad—well, it will make my formal farewell not so—*the* opportunity should not be so easily closed. To start any new magazine is a task. To start one called *Esquire*—and in a language in which I am nearly fluent—presents more walking than a homely war.

Indeed, it has been a pleasure of more than a few years to play a small role in helping to host the *Esquire* day elsewhere around the world. New editions of the magazine have lately sprung up in Japan, Hong Kong, Italy, Germany, and, as of October 17, the Netherlands. All of these were launched in conjunction with local business partners: *Esquire* U.K.—which is to debut in March 1991—will be wholly owned by the sixty-year-old National Magazine Company of London, a subsidiary of the Home Corporation, *Esquire*'s parent. The new *Esquire* will thus be a full-blooded British brother to the magazine you are holding in your hands.

That *Esquire* is now flourishing in cities from Tokyo to Tampa has much to do, I think, with how the world's men are changing. Unlike many of the men born after World War II, who were formed in the wake of continuous technological and political changes, and who were seriously rebuffed by the women's movement as it was manifested from place to place, these are men who are no longer questioning the establishment, they are the establishment. They are men with considerable responsibilities: managers, children, companies, and show some sense of complacency. They are, I think, more unsure about how to achieve the last of these.

Just as American men in the 1950s became convinced that, for their own growth and well-being, they had to bal-

ance their work. Even with greater personal and cultural confusions, in, too, have the men of the world. This is where *Esquire* comes in. In any language, no man's work is to refuse it with the literary direction that has so proudly marked the American magazine. But they also know that *Esquire* serves an even more important purpose in the lives of its readers: It represents a way for men to exchange thoughts on what it means to be a man in these historically changing times—what are the risks, what is to be feared, how does one leave one's mark?

The more I think about these questions, about what makes *Esquire* *Esquire*, the more I find myself in awe of the vision of Arnold Gingrich, the editor who, at the age of thirty, founded the magazine, back in 1933. Gingrich had a very firm idea of what made men livable, and while his view had its roots in the nineteenth century, he was able to measure a vigorously new time. It applies no less to our, to theory and to practice, Gingrich held that the complete male experience and asked the direct question of a broad range of interests, including the intellectual, the physical, and the creative. Gingrich himself was an avid (and accomplished) fisherman, a composer (and rather dreadful) musician, an aviator (and legendary) literary man. He was the most engaging when downed speaker I ever heard. He never digressed but never shied from digressing. He was always tolerant of your opinion, never satisfied by his own.

I know all this because I had the all-too-brief pleasure of knowing him the last few years of his life, when I first came to *Esquire* in the early Seventies. Mostly we had brief conversations—usually about fishing—standing side by side in the john. A few times I had dinner with him in a kitchen, he was self-effacing and shy about his relations with filmography and *Esquire*. He is the only man I've known whose actual quality is so remarkable.

My point is that these days men everywhere are dipping in a more thoughtful reflection of themselves—on their work, at home, at play. If all that can come equipped with a good laugh too, all the better. *Esquire*—in Japanese, Italian, or English—seems to be the magazine that shares their quest. □

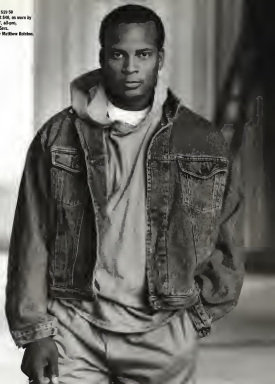
Lee Eisenberg is *Esquire*'s editor in chief.

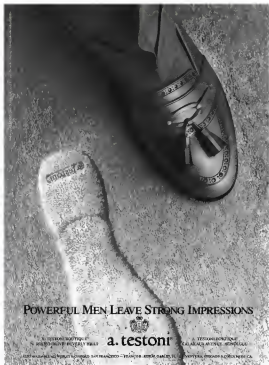
VIRTUOSO.

IT'S A CONSPIRACY OF SKILL AND
TALENT THAT MAKES THE SIMPLEST
ACT AN ART. FOR INDIVIDUALS OF
STYLE, THAT'S ALWAYS CLASSIC GAP.

GAP

Gap T-shirt: \$20-30
and denim jacket \$90, as worn by
RONNIE LOTT, 40-45,
San Francisco 49ers.
Photographed by Matthew Britten.





Man At His Best

On our way out of town we stopped at a roadside shop, lined in by dozens of strings of beaded chimes. "Honey," I said, my husband made a Tami Tami hat and wondered off to buy postcards, leaving me with the usual Sedona selection of fuzzy silver felt buckles and fuzzy Hopi clay pots. "How much is this?" I asked, anxiously caressed by a certain well-worn Sedona suitcase. It looked like a fat-bellied lizard made of buckskin and beads; it was hanging from a hook by a thin leather acorn. "It's \$100," the woman in the shop said. "It's loose."

"We're sorry, honey," my husband interposed, leading me toward the car.

"Is this really your final price?" I said, of course.

"Have you asked those people yet?" her husband looked from behind the counter. "I said you to call cheap!" Silver lightning bolts around her eyes. The lady in silver and her same numbers on the silver machine, then retreated with the paperwork. "This is the best I can do," she said, like had reduced the price by half.

"You know what this is, don't you?" she asked as I wrote out the check. "It's a long-life turtle takaman. Swiss machine made them for their babies. They still have birth cards made."

"You mean there's a Swiss lady's medical card in here?"

"Well... yes," she said. "It is an antique."

The highway went on back downwind from the desert. Sedona's natural canyon dimmers broke the blue window of the sky.

I knew then that you can't drive a mile from the Grand Canyon. A thing was open. That's the lesson of Sedona, of its rugged beauty, its mountain glow, its co-mingled geology—the miracle is over the pine woods.

We and the Sedona lizard lurled by would rock from the narrow mirror of our road. One thing there like a compass needle all the way back to the Phoenix airport. ☐



FIRST RATE

Japanese Codes Deciphered!

By Phil Patton

MAKE THINGS better and they change big. Make a thing you can use one-handed, and things can get out of hand. Liked the two-handed sword down to the cavalry saber, and the camera is increasingly unpowered the Charge of the Light Brigade. Create the baseball glove, so guys can pick it up in the pocket, and a process is set in motion that climaxes with Chase Surland suspended in midair in the peak of an 1800 ft somersault.

So with video cameras. They used to be shrewish variants of big pro gizmos: box with a lens, bulldozed down on your shoulder like a water piston. When parents took them to the school play, it looked like a press conference had been called to announce the heading up of offenders. But when they are ordered as 8-mm camcorders, "one-handable" at under two

pounds, things changed. The whole machine was smaller than a VHS cassette.

Based in the world of model numbers, it is clear to just how much Sony felt it had riding on the machine. When the company introduced it in Japan and Europe, it was designated the TR-51. Since the Japanese word for love is go, the name was both a pun on the popular magazine page and—powerful historical Japanese hint—in echo of the name of the company's first landmark product, in 1931: TR-51 transistor radio.

Of course, just so we Americans wouldn't catch on, Sony threw in one more masterstroke: They marketed the thing under the name TR-5.

With it, Sony turned out a new "typeform" it no longer looks like a shoulder pro camera but like a single shape with dots of controls and a cube of a viewfinder. Look inside and you see

gears and levers manifested to a watchmaker's envy. But the real wonder was invisible: the performance of the machine's sensor, the seeing also deemed by one of the leading phrases to enter the language in 1980—"charge-coupled device."

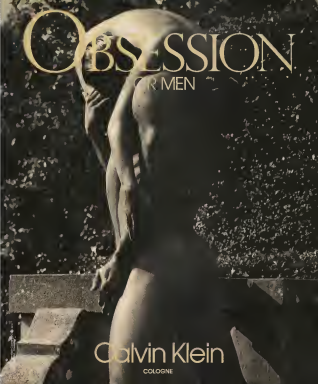
The TR-5 has now been joined, from a superbly flimsy to vapor on this point by the TR-4 (silver camera lighter), and the TR-6 and TR-7, which add even more bells and whistles. The new models also remedy the one defect of the original TR-5: the sluggish operation of the autofocus in low light.

Sony has done all this with a renaissance-day elegance. It was in the company's strategy for the future, which VHS, thanks to RCA, Panasonic, and other powers, intended aimed to right itself. Sony knew it was to make it even a new standard. So they took the ropes, you have to plug the 8-mm machines into the back of your TV set rather than just drop the cassette into your VCR. VHS defenders scream about format incompatibility—there are more than 100 million VHS VCRs out there—but 8 mm camcorder sales were up 40 percent last year.

Camcorders today appear better in low light than old cam-

Eight-millimeter camcorder sales were up 40 percent in the last year.

eras, are more in use, offer moderate playback, and in the case of the TR-5 and its successors, weigh little more than the single lens-styles of a decade ago (Sony most often a prism—around \$1,100, not a cruel purchase—that allows you to criss your own video rolls into a sub-optic). Then, too, 8 mm is a suitable way of distinguishing yourself from the police. *Amers* or *Amers* (there's Volvo and adheres to VHS. ☐



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REMY MARTIN

est l'eau de vie

Man At His Best

LERA HEMINGWAY Hemingway was a short, roundish, gummy sort of a woman with huge eyes and a broad smile. When I met her in New York twenty-five years ago, she was married to the novelist Allen Hemingway. She'd taught Russian at Yale and had been the dealer out in Reno. She was warm, profane, and earth-motherly. Her greatest gift was her ability to draw even the most taciturn group into lively conversation. For a couple of years in the 1930s, she gave elaborate every Saturday-evening dinner parties in her cluttered apartment on upper Madison Avenue. At these affairs one was likely to encounter no-fang Boss of Yag-daria, New Yorker cartoonist Charles Addams, Doubleday publisher John Lurgens, *Nation's* editor Willie Morris, sex lioness Christie Marjor, and assorted writers, writers, writers, novelists, Mac Gills, and dead beats. One evening, as Timothy Leary was taking his leave, he kissed Luba's hand and pronounced her the leading salonnière in New York.

Leary's compliment was an overstatement, but it contained an element of truth. Luba did have a talent of sorts. The success of her parties depended on the assistance of disarming people, and in that respect they were true to the salon tradition.

The original salons were intellectual affairs attended by the leading figures in politics and the arts in eighteenth-century France. Given at Madame Geoffrin's dinner, for instance, included Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Denis Diderot. Unlike her, the Great one a different observer. A few years later, the salons of Madame de Staël and Madame de Beauharnais were intellectual in name but decidedly ruled by women. Salons like Luba's figured prominently in major works of fiction. The opening scene of *War and Peace*, for example, takes place at the high-powered but Petersburg version of Anna Prokhorova, in *Anna Karenina*



GLASSIER

The Salon

By John Herold

of *Things Fall Apart*, Marcel Proust depicts the real salons of the nineteenth century: Chateaux de Guermantes and the social-climbing Madame Verdurin.

In this century, Gertrude Stein had the most influential salon. Her gatherings at 27 rue de Fleurus in Paris before and after the First World War sometimes included and promoted the current modern-art movement. Meanwhile in New York, between 1915 and 1925, political radicals mingled with artists and writers at Mabel Dodge's famous Wednesday evenings at 27 Park Avenue.

Since the Second World War, the salon has declined as a phenomenon. That's largely because the expanding media have provided vast and hospitable forums for the presentation of new ideas. Today, any artistic or political viewpoint—no matter how important—can gain exposure as part of an event program, or through

any of the innumerable talk shows. Salons still do exist, however, but the term is used somewhat loosely. A few observations are in order for the would-be or too-lingers.

Focus: A salon must be dominated by the exchange of intellectual salons. Conversation is an important, but secondary, by-product.

Frequency: The occasional dinner party, however glowing, is not a salon. Some successful persons acquire a degree of regularity. Maudie Goodlin had her Mondays and Wednesdays, Madame Verdurin and Mabel Dodge had Wednesdays. Gertrude Stein had Sundays.

Gender: Give me new faces, new faces," Gertrude Stein, whose salon was a virtual open house. She encouraged her entire family to bring friends, and they did. Sylvia Beach brought Bernard Shaw, Anderson brought Ernest Hemingway,

Hemingway brought F. Scott Fitzgerald, and so forth.

The role of hosts: Tolstoy tells us that Anna Pavlova walked around her dining room under long conversations the way a locomotive is a spinning mill keeps the machinery operating at the

Gatherings at which feelings are never hurt are not salons, they're tea parties.

proper pitch. Mabel Dodge could neither approach. She chose a topic for conversation and tried to a speaker to speak on it, or she'd simply turn to someone—perhaps her lover, the radical poet John Reed—and whisper, "Start somewhere, please."

Straight talk: Gatherings at which feelings are never hurt are not salons, they're tea parties. Gertrude Stein always spoke her mind. She for instance knew when her work disappointed her, she'd stop it. Picasso's strange to write poetry, and she told Hemingway he was an average Russian.

What matters: Except for Madame Verdurin's, none of the above-mentioned salons had anything to do with social ambition. The De Staël and Schöten salons put their business in political need. Gertrude Stein turned her Sunday evenings because the daily parade of visitors to see her Chateaux, Maudie, and Bernard got to be a nuisance. "At this time, these persons had no value," she wrote, "and there was no social privilege attached to knowing about them." Luba Hemingway was likewise indifferent to the social chatter of her parties. She took delight in what each of her guests had to say, not in their reflected glory—which is why, in response to Timothy Leary's remark about the prominence of her salon, she smiled and replied, "De Leary, you are full of shit as usual." ■



Style is never out of fashion

BOSS
HUGO BOSS

ONE, IY WAD the most common—then grew into only model of American male socialization—who taught you how to cook, and what he cooked, as was iron. With a skillet or Dutch oven he could make almost anything.

My grandmother did something with a Dutch oven fully as something to me as origins or later promise. It looked so simple. While my grandfather was still gapping on our hill around Spain, he would with perfect ease, now and then bring the oven's lipped roof, and the wire crimp of the cover turned a brown charcoal to the black of our windows.

Cooking with iron fairly began you to cook heavy, and the representation of basic American cooking has brought with it the representation of late American modernism—the pots that were the West.

WV you going back to the Iron Age—still are growing up? To re-present a past—and just in time. The vast pieces of American cuisine have for too long been eating away on their own. Get this straight: You can use as by as something made of aluminum that you can fly in something made of iron. Oh, sure, season your steaks, but your steaks in aluminum or steel or copper. But to really cook up a T-bone, make corn bread, do stew, you must use iron. Iron been really and quickly—using, cooking—and it lets you exactly know it comes in any color you want to bring in a black. Remember it is like painting the chicken round to match the corn. It's like saying, "No, instead of five, please instead of grits. Instead of meat, instead of eggs, instead of corn, instead of a hard-boiled egg, which is the only cornish coming that will last into next! So does an AK-47, if you have it out in the rain. Would about that real summer how looking off into your heart? Don't. That's where the



LIVING QUARTERS

A Little Rust Won't Kill You

By Phil Patton

cast-iron with a built-in nutritional supplement, and they have a study by Dr. Helen Brenz, Ph.D., R.D., of the Department of Food and Nutrition, Texas Tech University, Lubbock, to back them up. (See *Home Economics Research Journal*, Vol. 15, No. 1.)

A skillet or Dutch oven is not just a condiment, a preservative

ingredient, it is a device—a masterpiece. Its sides are porous, like a good wooden salad bowl, and like such a bowl, it should never see soap. Nor will it become without proper lubrication, any more than the old John Deere will. So to start off, you start your iron.

At first, the North Carolina cook, rather, and history school-

er, always cooking a skillet by steadily heating a half inch of oil in it for long minutes. His instructions on what to do next are cut-grained: "Never wash the pan again."

Instead, heat and wipe it clean, or feed it one with rough salt (in camp, you see, sand, the very substance from which the thing was born).

To lay your hands on a real black skillet, you don't have to research the history of iron. You'll find it in the shelves of some place called Le Coultre's. It was on the staff of Lardner's Hardware, somewhere south of the mountains and north of the midlands. It will be made by one of the two of major systems of cooking "iron": left Lodge, in Tipton, Missouri; Wapak, in Ohio, and ASW, in Alabama, all of which have been upholding the iron standard since William Jennings Bryan was declaring the gold one. These iron men are survivors. They have repelled foreign iron.

To really cook

a T-bone,

make corn bread,

do stew,

you want iron.

persons, stretched down from Kansas and Tennessee states, one of which stretched into two parts, which suggests that it is never so perfect as acceptable. It's a little better than a good skillet.

In fact, what could be more American than iron, made of ore dug from the ranges of Mesquite or Mesquite, then and laterally in the American grass, or in iron itself? The Lodge company, the largest maker of iron cookware, warns the iron to a fine burning orange-yellow. A 300-degree, and pour it into sand from northern Mississippi. From the sand emerges the classic skillet shape: a pure circle, punched with a little padding for pouring, and a straight handle, punched with one barely handstop for hanging. **E**

Here's an easy-to-follow guide to the world's leading sports cars.

We lied. This guide is impossible to follow.

Corvette ZR-1

The American (and here) is littered with a rag-tag collection of pseudo "sports cars" that, over the years, have challenged

Corvette's supremacy. We've seen it all. Turbo this. Supercharged that. All-wheel drive. Front-wheel drive.

Even port holes. But in the end, after the hype is long gone, they all find out the hard way. You don't take on 38 years of experience in building America's only true sports car unless you can match our seriousness of purpose, our relentless dedication and our flat-out goal to win.

Consider the Corvette ZR-1. This is the machine that obliterated a 50-year-old speed record for production cars, averaging over 170 mph for 24 hours. Braking at 5.7 liters per second. And that's just the beginning. With its 300-hp, 32-valve, double-overhead cam V8 fury, the 1991 ZR-1 is one of the best sports cars in the world. But the ZR-1 is just one chapter of the Corvette story. Boasting a fierce V8 of its own, the 1991 Corvette thrives with new low-restriction

mufflers and 245 horsepower. With either the 6-speed manual or 4-speed automatic gear box, there's enough stomp-pulling torque to please even the most jaded enthusiast. All Corvettes get tasteful visual tweaks,

including wraparound fog and parking lamps, new side "gills," and newly designed 17" alloy wheels. Corvette coupe

and convertible also share the beautiful rounded tail of the ZR-1. And F83 selective ride control is available on all models. We hope you enjoyed this handy guide. We know our competition did. After all, it's the only time they're allowed to get close enough.

Corvette Convertible



Corvette Coupe



MORE PEOPLE ARE
WINNING WITH
THE

Heartbeat
OF AMERICA
1991'S CORVETTE



Man At His Best

OCCASIONAL decadence is good for the soul. That's why at least once a year, when the desire to get becomes unbearable, a group of as glib as my friend Massimo's cabin in Michigan's north woods. The M is a surpion whose accents normal flow as clear as the rippling runoff, but he's now the host of an annual eating ritual that will make the slender, brown-and-black-crowned run for cover.

The women gathering—with an overwhelming menu—began a few years ago when a bunch of us were sitting around the Mar's table during the opening day of deer season. We were discussing alternatives to the venison dinner we were not going to have, and everyone in the group was a deer watcher, not a deer hunter. In fact, needles in hand, we were doing exactly that. Outside, under the pines, were scores of eight whitetails, safely munching the apples, corn, and sugar beets the Mar's had set for them.

Geese and woodcock season had just ended, and, as usual, there weren't enough birds to combine flocks to lead the group. In the face of this meagre quarry, I described an old family recipe for preparing snark. As I explained the magic of snark flocks, it got real quiet and the shorebirds outside were impotent, there was the occasional cackle of an ice cube, a stomach growled. The Mac's eyes clouded over. "My God!" he exclaimed. "Yes! Yes!"

My paternal grandfathers and his Norwegian brothers were all club men as well. In Cleveland, George Engel was the manager of the University Club, which had as a member one George Randolph. It is unclear whether Randolph proposed this recipe and gave it to the club, or whether the club chef concocted and named it in honor of the distinguished member. At any rate, the recipe endured, and my father prepared it once or twice a year, an event in our family equalled only by Christmas morning.



THE FINEST OF THE FINE

Eat Your Heart Out

Dydim Enefer

Wise your butcher and order an eight-pound serious steak. Your butcher will probably say something about a roast (a 12-ounce tri-tip, perhaps), but be—*emphatically* on—the word: roast isn't operative here. Think at the rate of Defensiveness at that cry of New York sergeants, and tell your man you want the cut from which cows come. The good here is not chunks of barren carbon, the best he has, weighing in at eight pounds. You may have to order the meat in advance, since this cut usually comes into stock only after it arrives in the shop. And yes, it's as good to eat you look a few birds.

You will also need three large containers of rubber socks, these

pounds of butter, and several
loaves of good white bread.

Remove any excess fat (there shouldn't be much) and place the meat in a shallow roasting pan. Cover it completely with salt, hiding as much of the meat as you possibly can. The layer of salt should be thick. Don't rub it in, just cover. Place the searole under a preheated broiler for seven-to-eight hours.

Now you can prepare the other courses, which are simple. (Dressings need not be complicated.) We use crisp lettuce, sliced tomatoes, some red onion, pepper to taste, or good vinegar and oil. Then we fill two less

shells with markings like much larger ones, top side down, and

ly. While the mushrooms are frying, cut a bunch of Monterey Jack into cubes. When the mushrooms begin to brown and lift with spatula, drop a cube of cheese into each one. Continue frying until the cheese melts, and remove to a platter.

It works to beat to serve the salad and the mushrooms ahead of the main course. When the entree arrives, your guests will not want to be distracted.

As I explained
the magic of
steak Rolandell,
the room
got real quiet.

After the air has been blown out your side, pressure is from the brooder. The layer of soil will have hardened into a shell-like crust and will come off in a few large pieces. Remove them carefully and discard. Turn the worms over and again cover with soil. Return to the brooder for another month. *See Appendix.*

The burrens with the salt is one of the two accretes in stark contrast to the completely arid in the past. And the more will not be only, perhaps an eighth of an inch on the surface will have a mildly salty trace.

While the clutch is brooding on the second side, melt the butter in a kettle, something like one yard one line a straw. Keep the butter warm, but don't let it burn.

Stack your boards into half-studwidth size piles and stack them next to the slope. Get a large serving platter ready and command your guests to roll up their sleeves.

stout. Cut the meat into five or six chunks and drop them in the kettle as simmering begins. ("Yes! Yes!" the Max is screaming.) You will now need to appoint a *sumner*, whose job title will be "sumner." He will not spend much time at table, but must act honestly.



Without Black, it would all be flat.



Ultimately, there's Black.

Man At His Best

After the earliest checks have answered in butters for a few moments, remove one or two and carve half-sandwiches into pears, discs or disks, whatever turns you out. (We prefer them thin so we can eat more of them.) While you are carving, your runner should be lightly dipping one side of the butter in the melted butter. Stop at last from the end of salt, the piece of the onion will commingle with the butter for a taste that, well, that's the second course of sautéed Kalouduki.

As your hands cover the plants with the hoe head, you cover each piece with a dose of order. When the plants are full, he rushes to the table. It's best to work with two players. On each, try to have more dirt rangers from start to finish. Between sops, you and your runner are to watch the clock well.

A quick check of the menu will find ordinarily well-mannered people eating like comedy pigs. Ignore screams of "What? More?" and work at your own pace, noting frequently in the manner of quality control. Make sure no one at the table is eating knives or forks.

We have eight people at the table, figuring about a pound of salmon each. That sounds like a lot, but this stuff really goes. Obviously you need to know ahead of time that your guests are indulgent meat eaters. Heard the fishermen, or, if enough have been reached the kitchen, be a sport and send a few slices home with each person.

For dessert we place a dipping of raspberry sherbet into an appropriate glass and make a spoon-size indentation on top. Into the hole pour a generous dollop of frozen Absolut. Let stand for a moment so that the sherbet softens just enough to allow the vodka to seep in.

We usually have several bottles of Burgundy on the table. Good old beer, especially a premium dark, also has the spot. The Miss drinks the correspondingly expensive part he finds in distant parts of the globe. But hey, it's his car. **E**



Group 12/13/14/15

Edward Brown

DECEMBER 1995

Brothers in Brass

By Daniel O. Keefe

LOVE IS, DIEZEL, Males: The impact of each is so huge, you don't need surnames. They're the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—a trinity so dominant that the simple syllables of their names contain the entire history of the world (right?).

The problem with an only a construction, though, is that it obscures more than it reveals—implying, for instance, that there was no Ray Kinsdale, or no Clifford Brown.

Befrings, who died last year, was born several years after Armstrong, several before Gillespie, and doomed normally by the gap between them, a convincing clue between the delinquent roots of Pope and Dix. But so transparent, Armstrong included, ever played with his assumed interest.

ry. Historian John Chilton called him "the most competitive musician who ever lived," and he competed internally as much as with those around him, each time he played he tried to outdo himself in high-octane fireworks, an infectious virtuosity, and none of them has shown during of many nations.

Listen to the 1940 version of Ellington's best-known number, "Rockin' Chair," and you are present at the creation. This volume is so huge you forget that a recording exists, a pressing place, and half a century have separated you from the moment of invention.

Blondie's immediately strong, raspy sound was an extension of his shullen personality, much as was his utterly delightful singing. On *Upstream*, the Columbia compilation of his years with the Great Knigs band, he

sings-dwells with Liam O'Day, he straps on his own, and he plays his horns with baroque authority. Other excellent kildrge can be found on Little Joe (Columbia), and on a hard-as-steel vinyl set, Dale's Wolf (Verve), that's worth the hunt.

Clifford Brown, who died in a 1956 car accident, couldn't have been more different from his contemporary, Miles Davis. While Davis was purging his sound of any trace of whiteness, Brown was shaping a tone that shuddered with life. Where Davis was clinical, Brown was happily capricious; where Davis was cold as ice, Brown burned.

It is virtually impossible to find bad bones on disc. In the final four years that he recorded—he died at twenty-five—he simply never missed the mark. Those with deep pockets should track down the two disc

Library for

the '41 version of "Rockin' Chair," and you're present at the creation.

Brown: *The Complete Fantasy Readings of Clifford Brown*. More prudent souls might begin with *Study on Brown* (with Max Roach and Sonny Rollins, also Fantasy), or *Pass* (Prestige), or—for Brown at his most mainstream—the ballad collection *Clifford Brown with Strings* (RCA).

Shawn was as beloved as he was adored. His death inspired not only pained mourning, but also one of the finest of press standards, Benny Gelson's tender "I Remember Clifford." Such, in fact, was the regard in which he was held that the words someone used to describe such

And if menials don't deserve placement in a trinity, who does? ■

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ELITE

Beyond

the Moment is

the Memory.



With a focus on

the moment, the

memory is

the memory.



Man At His Best



HOUSE HUNTING

The Best Little Subdiv in Florida

By Paul Schneider

The Place: Seaside, Florida. A vacation development east of Panama and west of Panama City.

The Architecture: During the early 1930s, developer Robert Davis set out to create a community that didn't look like it was created by developers. On empty acres of waterfront—historically, the perfect site for a small town—he built houses, a post office, a market. Along the beach—which remains public—he constructed lovely wooden pavilions. For houses, he encouraged diversity based on various rules derived from Florida traditions: wood on the sides, no air rips, porches everywhere. The outcome? Updated versions of vernacular seaside architecture, all decked out in ground-up details. The result? Seaside is achieving planning awards to date.

The Market: "The place" currently calls for 500 "lot sizes," 135 are already built. Most of the rest are desirable only as undeveloped lots, though there are usually some so completed houses for sale that have been built on 1930s—on 1,200-square-foot three-bedroom houses with a 200-square-foot porch listed recently for \$240,000.

Undeveloped lots range from a 28' x 30' at the back of Seaside with no view for \$60,000, to a lot twice as large that is mostly on the waterfront, for \$415,000. The minimum lots nearby in the unplanned town of San Grove sell for less than \$100,000.

The Outlook: Look out. In a period when beachfront outside of Seaside sold from \$1,000 a foot in 1984 to \$1,200 today, Seaside prices have skyrocketed. In 1984 the house for sale for \$125,000. Today it can't be had for less than \$200,000. The developer expects the remaining properties will be sold by 1991, after which Seaside will be full.

The Price: Seaside is the perfect place for a young, dual-income southern family to buy a piece of land and design their dream house (within the rules, of course), and know that the rest of the town will stay beautiful (the rules), and then live in a part of the town and allow Seaside to manage the rest of it (the rest of the town [yep]).

The Code: When you've had enough of the porch and the house, the worst place to say "no" is on the way. And that place is Panama City. ☐

The Listing:

"Green Peace," on West Seaside Street. Recently finished house overlooking the Gulf. Across the road from the beach, and a mile and a half from the Seaside town center. Two-bedrooms, bath upstairs, with connecting porch. Estimated current value: \$230K. Asking price: \$238,000. Source: Seaside Community Realty, Seaside.

So Comfortable
JOCKEY

“As far as I’m concerned, Jockey is the only underwear there is. Because no other underwear has that Jockey fit, that Jockey feel, that Jockey style. Just Jockey.”

Jim Palmer
Member “Baseball Hall of Fame”
Sports Announcer/Analyst
Baltimore, Maryland

Jim Palmer

KAUFMANN'S
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JOCKEY underwear is also available in boys styles and sizes.

WHAT IF THE ROADS WERE DESIGNED FOR THE MX-6 INSTEAD OF THE OTHER WAY AROUND?

SUGGESTION: There would be an S-curve at the end of every driveway. A hairpin turn on every one of the way-side streets. And no stoplights for the last five miles before the office.

But as an MX-6, even on ordinary roads there's no such thing as an ordinary drive.

Underneath this sleek design lies a 145-horsepower turbo-charged engine. And a precision-Twin Trapezoidal Link rear suspension that *Automobile Magazine* calls "nearly flawless."

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ing deregulation will bring from \$4,000 to \$100,000 the amount deposit insurance would cover. (Actually, although St. Germain was well known as a traitor of the S&L lobby, he hadn't much to do with raising deposit insurance, but what the hell. You didn't expect the Journal/Post to get everything right.)

At first, only a few academics saw this amendment for the potential new bomb it was—and, of course, the money-fund guys like Jim Reinhard. Here we are now, a decade (and \$200 billion in losses) later, and this understanding is only just beginning to dawn on the rest of us. Ever since the time bomb has long since exploded, the appearance of deposit insurance remains a difficult concept to grasp, which may explain why so many people still haven't grasped it. It's counterintuitive, for one thing—deposit insurance seems, on its face, to be such a good and proper thing. And reporters have taken such joy in pointing the finger at the obvious crooks who looted the S&Ls that they never tried to figure out why crookedness blossomed in the industry.

My own reply has been stuck as I've been poking around the money-fund industry. Gradually, it's dawned on me that the technical performance of these so-called funds suffered precisely because they were some-

what deposit insurance would by deterring markets, incentives, and behavior. Simply put, insurance eliminated risk. Of course, that was the whole point fifty years ago when the federal government first introduced deposit insurance. In order to prevent panic and bank runs that were so common during the Depression, the government needed to give people the absolute assurance that their savings were safe. But like many federal programs, deposit insurance took on a life of its own long after its initial goals had been achieved. The amount insured gradually rose from the original \$1,000 to \$100,000 for no particular good reason. And when S&Ls were allowed in the early 1980s to pay high interest rates for them to try to win back customers lost to the money funds, and to loan money for riskier ventures than the traditional home mortgages, the previous, unintended consequences of deposit insurance locked in S&L operators could take increased savings, much of which was paid out through insured deposits (which at the time were insured by deposit insurance).

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body made money. But if they didn't—at least, they didn't *enough*. The S&L operator never had his own capital at risk, nor did he have to worry about his depositors losing anything, thanks to the safety net of deposit insurance. If one round of loans went awry, all an S&L had to do to get more money—and to make the next round of bad loans—was just pick up interest rates a little bit, and watch the insured deposits pour in. The single most important market incentive of all—the promise that people might lose money—was completely erased. It wasn't just the S&L operators for whom this was a no-win issue. It was a shame for the rest of us too. However unwittingly, whenever we put money in a bank, we were doing our part to encourage the S&L crisis. Because the funds were insured, we never had to think about what shady little sidehustles these S&Ls were getting the money, and how it was being loaned out. We never had to wonder about how it was possible for them to pay two and three percent in interest when anyone else in the country for a normal business transaction, we would quite likely have wondered about risk, and it would have had a braking effect on our behavior. Deposit insurance stripped us of our motivation to look carefully at the consequences of our actions every bit as much



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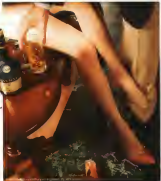
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as a straggled Charles Keating of his motivation to do the same.

Compensated money managers now with astronomical money market funds. Do you think it's an accident that money-market funds have never "broken the one-dollar share price," as they say in the business? I don't. Money funds have come a long way since Jim Hankins's T-bill fund—they are now a variety of government securities and derivatives, investment-grade commercial paper. Like the rest of the mutual-fund industry, money-market funds have become highly segmented. There are tax-free money funds and tax-free state funds, funds (like Fidelity's) that emphasize safety, and funds like two of the more recent entrants, Dreyfus Worldwide and Fidelity Spectra, that are packaged hand for the highest yields they can get. There are hundreds of money-market funds today, and still none of them have lost their investors any money.

This would seem to defy all odds, but actually it makes a fair amount of sense. For nearly two decades, the money-market fund industry has been trying to move old-fashioned assets. To do so, they've had to offer higher yields than good funds can offer (not that hard, now!) and, implicitly, they've had to offer safety too, even while out deposit insurance. Today, \$400 billion later, the whole enterprise is still very frag-

ile, psychologically, having worked so hard to make money funds appear "bulletproof," the industry has always feared the potential consequences if customers and the discoverer that they had lost some money, even the tiniest amount. It's possible that such an event would cause a huge transfer of assets from money funds back into the banks. Thus, money-fund managers have tended not to make big mistakes, because there was simply too much at risk—quite possibly, nothing less than their entire industry.

But wait, you're saying. There have been a few mistakes lately. And that's true. Each, in this year, in two separate cases, some short-term commercial paper held by a number of money funds seemed up for defaulting. But did you notice what happened after the default? Instead of allowing the customers to take the loss, the investment companies around any covering the losses out of their own corporate pockets. The best known was T. Rowe Price, which got up \$4.4 million. Afterward there was a flurry of articles in places like Money magazine and *Fortune*, raising the issue of risk in money funds, and pointing out that the only truly safe place to put your money was the bank, because of deposit insurance.

But really, when you think about it, there's no such thing as a risk-free place to put your money. Thanks to continued low

levels of inflation, even your mattress is not completely safe. As for supposedly bulletproof insured deposits, look at it this way: What good does it do you to have your savings federally insured if you wind up giving it all back in higher taxes to cover the S&L, debaucher? To my mind, those recent defaults are not so much a cause for worry as a cause for comfort. By putting up the money themselves, the fund companies acted in a manner dictated by the very market scenarios they had set up for themselves. Isn't that how it's supposed to work?

Like the people in the money-fund business, as you may have guessed by now, they share an honorific and a passionate belief in their business. I was reminded of this again this past summer, at the Investment Company Institute's annual convention, which took place shortly after the second of the two commercial-paper defaults. Everybody was talking about the defaults; it was a juicy, banked kind of talk. Without quibble, the defaults had made people in the industry nervous, which I took as a healthy sign. What I worried most of all, though, was that the same pheromone kept coming up: T. Rowe Price, I kept hearing, had fulfilled "a moral obligation" to its customers. It had done "the right thing." When is the last time you heard an S&L operator say that? □

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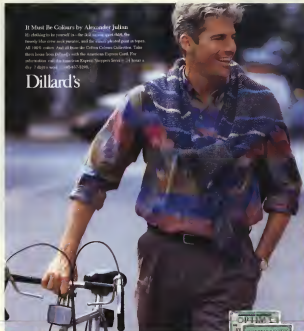
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Active Health

Healthy Roots?

By John Poppy

O MY GOD, I am a hot dog. If I die before you read this, ask for the autopsy report. It'll tell you how they found the whole ball game of life in the thigh room—rated as a women-shaped plug labeled **HALL PASS** and jammed into my heart. "He should know," the doc will say in his frodo the little high old a language into the mud. "Guy on his knees never read the Heart Association's line a thousand times. Heart attack is the leading cause of death in America today."

"Not so fast, my good man," PT says as I swing my legs over the edge of the table, rearing up on my chest—oh, the fear of failure—"there is something I should have known, but it's not what you think." At least two other things are troubling me that are more likely to make the list, as you'll see in a moment. Last night I heard the number one term—major medical news. I'll admit I was through the numbers are declining (51.4 to 49.4 deaths in 1988, down from 54.0 in 1987), probably because of the attention we've paid, there's no denying that heart attacks killed enough people last year to displace Denver. Because not all these statistics don't predict any one person's health, but many consumers note off. Reading obituary year after year, gradually giving up heart in the company crowd, I look away from looking for evidence that it really comes—closer to home.

In the family tree, this is. Knowing your family history is the most important way of seeing a pattern to the ailments that knocked people off the benches you grew from.

My mother, still more vigorous than all the rest of us past 60 years, has lived longer than either of her parents did. Both of them died of strokes. I knew that, but didn't push much attention on



**Be aware of
strengths and weaknesses in
your family tree**

of her younger aunt died suddenly, of a stroke. My father died eight years ago, and do you know what? I wasn't sure what killed him. He was never seen, much older than my mother, no polio, none of us kids had to look for a diabetic single cause. When we were together that week, I didn't ask Mom for the name of one, and never did get around to asking her. Delaney about a painful subject, maybe. More likely, please don't. What I didn't know I wouldn't have to act on. But when my sister, Jane, the nurse, went to Tucson for a visit this spring, I asked her to bring back a copy of the death certificate. It said coroners of the cause, it mentioned nothing cardiovascular

Heart. On my mother's branch, we have stroke-attack, on my father's, colon cancer—and what else? His father died of a gunshot wound, long ago in Czechoslovakia, and his mother of I know not what. Maybe it's not as simple as it seems. At age 100, I haven't asked as if I've wanted to find out.

Now I'll pay attention to that strong line of strokes—they're vascular conditions, all right, but not of the heart—and to that line of trouble in the gut. I won't change much just my notion of where the symptoms of trouble lie. My annual hot dog and up, and a lot of behavior. Fats and oils and foods of fiber can do so much damage to arteries in a brain as in a heart, after all, so from grains, vegetables, cardiovascular exercises, and as an oil under some. The last question is this: a prime suspect in some cancers, notably breast and colon, so any change in behavior means staying something a man one hour should do anyway. I'll schedule a total exam and a test for hidden blood once a year, and the sigmoid scope, no matter how much I hate the sensation of a couple of feet of rubber tubing, every three to five years.

That's where comparing yourself with your forebears plays off. For those proving that biology is destiny, for those reaching some genetic clockwork set as run down at a pace you can't change, it suggests ways of making the best of the hand you inherit.

A couple of studies published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* in

John Poppy writes the column weekly for *Esquire*



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May confirmed a suspicion that's been around for years: For people who eat as many fruits and vegetables as we do, there has been no link between a person's diet and their weight.

Both studies looked at pairs of twins. One, at Lund University in Gothenburg, looked up twelve pairs of male identical twins—identical twins come from one fertilized egg and have identical genes—did those a thousand extra calories a day for a hundred days, and people heard exercise. Twins gained nearly identical amounts of weight. One pair put on nine and a half pounds apiece; another pair almost thirty. Different pairs gained fat in different places—some in the waist, some in the hips and thighs—but each twin gained it in the same place as his brother. The second study, using the Swedish national twin registry, included 134 pairs of male identical twins raised apart and 93 pairs who were raised together. The twins who had grown apart did not (twins raised together were as closely as genes as those who had been raised together). "The early family rearing environment apparently had no effect at all" on the adults' weight, said the author of the study, Allen J. Stunkard, a psychiatrist at the University of Pennsylvania.

The implication is strong: These people inherited genes that program their weight. (What the genes do is denied is a little tricky; apparently they set metabolic rates and strategies for handling calories.) Is this the voice of doom? Don't bet! Not at all, Stunkard proposes it's a consolation. Overweight people keep hearing they eat too much, they're compensating for hidden needs, they're guilty for their fat. Diet and exercise can temper the genetic cause, quibbles, Stunkard says, but the lesson he draws from his study is, "It's largely due to past genes... You're much more vulnerable than other people."

No one has located a fatness gene, almost certainly there's a constellation of them, not just one. But medical geneticists have pinpointed specific genes for other conditions, from the big, common ones—some forms of heart disease, cancer, and diabetes among them—to more than 250 birth defects and rarer diseases that parental testing can detect. Some think they've found genes that predispose to alcoholism. I wondered if those are tantamount to a fix on our most vulnerable areas, something more dependable than intentions from the family abode.

The Nobel Prize for medicine in 1981 went to Joseph Goldstein and Michael Brown for their discovery in the 1970s that an inherited gene defect in the receptor for low-density lipoproteins disables a body's

cholesterol processing system, causing arteries to clog up so fast that even children have heart attacks. At the time, no tools existed to track into the DNA and pinpoint which gene had the defect. In 1983 another team, led by Jan Breslow at Children's Hospital in Boston, with help from Robert A. Heberle and Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, did it. They located specific genes responsible for early heart attacks—named apo B for apolipoprotein B-1 and apo C-II, then later another, apo A-IV.

Can it be so, then, that they discovered a blueprint for early heart disease?

"No, you can't. Not yet, you can't. It's that sort of thing," said a man who has kept up a log of human genes for more than twenty years—Victor A. McKusick of Johns Hopkins University, where he is, as he says, "a general practitioner in the hereditary disease line." He's a professor of medical genetics, a founder and advisor of the Human Genome Project—a massive effort funded through the National Institutes of Health and the Department of Energy to map the complete set of chromosomes, with their constituent genes, that makes up a human being—and he scrupulously notes them now and then.

The "provisional identification" that apo B-1, C-II, and A-IV suggest is rare. The mutation is "quite clear," McKusick said, "but it would not be very practical to screen large populations using this as the only marker, because your risk wouldn't be very big. And there's still an argument about how those genes interact with other genes."

Like almost all complex things. "For the most diseases, the genes are being mapped down and identified, because those are the confusing theory," McKusick said. His encyclopedia, *Mendelian Inheritance in Man*, catalogues about 1,000 genes out of the 10,000 that humans are estimated to have, most of which are mapped to specific chromosomes. "We're doing well in pinpointing conditions like cystic fibrosis, Tay-Sachs disease, Marfan's syndrome—these are rare genetic things. If you have the gene, you have the disease for all practical purposes—barring polymorphisms of the gene."

"But that's not what I heard when I heard it was. That's not it's one of the errors proved to be inherited, a tendency to develop multiple polyps—beyond the ordinary ones that lots of people have—that go on to become cancer." We know where the gene is; it's on chromosome 5," McKusick said. "There are tests now for the presence of the gene, if you have a family history of this problem. It tends to have a certain onset," he said cautiously, "than your father's,"

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which sounds like garden-variety colon cancer. I would say that probably not more than a couple percent of all colorectal cancer involves people who are unfortunate enough to inherit the polypoid gene from both parents.¹⁰ For the garden-variety form, no one has yet found a marker. The checkups and so forth aren't genetic tests.

Biomarkers have yet to be found for other conditions. "We all get some coronary-artery disease if we live long enough, so that marker we talked about is only for a pronounced version," McKenzie and Bloom discuss. High blood pressure, stroke, cancer, obesity, alcoholism, even forms of diabetes don't show very strong genetic tendencies—"these are all conditions in which the genetic makeup and the environment collaborate." We aren't very far along in identifying the genes specifically, and therefore aren't very far along in devising tests for susceptibility.¹¹

At present, genetic screening for these things won't pay off. "It would be ridiculously expensive, because we wouldn't know what to look for. This illustrates why the Genome Project is needed: to get the basic information so we can look for what the markers are that go with the diseases."

Cancer, McKenzie points out, highlights a difference between something being genetic and being hereditary. All cancer is a genetic disease in our sense, because it's caused by a change in DNA that makes body cells go wild. "There is, of course, a cause of the cause," he said. Take small-cell cancer of the lung, which accounts for a quarter of all lung cancer in the United States, about thirty thousand deaths a year. "This one is an unusually reduced or smoldering organism as any other type of lung cancer. In recent years the fundamental cause has been pinpointed as a change on the short arm of chromosome 3—a mutation, although probably not fully sufficient cause. That's what the cigarette cause is: it initiates the cancer, a change in the chromosome. Now, when I say the cancer is genetic, I'm not saying it's hereditary. There is a certain threshold necessary for lung cancer—but it's hard to say how much of that is due to the fact that smoking tends to be aggregated in families."¹²

So an individual trying to get a handle on his or her own predispositions has to depend pretty much on the family family history, not high-tech testing. "Yes," the medical geneticist said. "Family history, one of the points, and some advanced genetic testing based on your own blood and standard medical tests."

I guess it's time to get some more history, even if, deep down, I'm not sure I want to know it. I pick up the telephone.

"Hello, Ma'am?"

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BAYTON HUDSON

T TOO GOOD FOR US, DEAR

he "Japan thing," as George Bush might call it, isn't going away, is it? Take my friend Randi. She's smart, affluent, ostensibly liberal. Recently she read an article that said 30 percent of the students in a certain New York suburb were Japanese. Randi says that means she and her husband won't be moving to that suburb.

It's the values the Japanese bring into the public schools, she says. Too much emphasis on math, science, and rote learning.

Of course she's not a racist. Wouldn't belong to a club that excluded minorities. But there are my kids, and I'm inclined to make a choice. Or so Randi says.

Wow, Randi. Listen to your description of the Japanese. It is so...flattering. In the old days, certain groups were designated for being lazy, stupid, or otherwise. Now the Japanese are under attack for being hardworking, smart, and mild mannered. Sounds like someone doesn't want her kids to cooperate.

Randi said I missed the point. If she wanted to send a French school because the students were rude, I wouldn't have charged. Wouldn't push it going Japan because it didn't work!

Perhaps. So I settled on a distinction between Japan-bashing and Japanese-bashing. Here goes: Japan has a lot wrong with a few exceptions, its own racism. It's sensible to go easy on its unfair trade

policies instead of free of being labeled a hater. But keep the distinction clear. The U.S. often acts stupid. Lies, among other things. Are our kids to be invaded? Randi may be gradually coming to some harsh conclusions about Japan, even about some of its common cultural traits. But she can't really say anything about the particular Japanese at that particular school in that particular suburb. She simply does not know them. And now she never will. —J. K. HARRIS

The Curve

SEVEN PAGES
IN THE LIFE OF THE
CULTURE



A modest
proposals: Trash Japan,
not the Japanese.

THE NOVEMBER CURVE



BALLY

The difference between dressed, and well dressed

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Harris, owner
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Superfinesse
Boutique Lacrosse Clubhouse
Boutique

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New York, NY 10011

BOOKS

RABBIT IS DEAD

By Louis Menand



Rabbit gorges himself to death, and we think of it as a metaphor for our culture.

It seems that we will have to make sense of the 1990s without the disadvisable example of Harry Angstrom, the hero of John Updike's *Rabbit* books, who is pretty clearly a gone bunny at the end of *Rabbit at Rest*, and whose creator has announced that the series has come to an end. *Rabbit at Rest* begins in an airline terminal, and termination is so much so depressing theme that you can begin to wonder whether Updike isn't on the whole relieved to have the business finished at last.

The *Rabbit* trilogy is a study of a psychological type that mushroomed first into a chronicle and then into a nonfiction encyclopedia of American life. The enterprise has gained a lively life. *Rabbit* is, in enough instances, of popular soap, news paper, television, television programs, lecture series styles, ready-to-wear styles—were the only way to make sense of the

American lives, or, as though the books had not so far read new, but to be turned in a time capsule for future scholars of the empire to dig up. If those scholars have more sense than most scholars do, they'll ignore the encyclopedic and turn onto the psychological type as the key to the American psyche in the Cold War era.

From 1945 to 1949, America

was the beneficiary of one of the greatest pieces of geopolitical good fortune ever to befall a great power. We were the winner in a war that had been waged on the end of practically every major nation for our own, and which, when it was over, had made not only our enemies but our allies into our dependents. The enemies and the allies recovered, but not until the postwar world had become little less a place by the measure of the nuclear age.

Our relative share of the world's wealth had been pumped up by a hot war, and a cold war began in motion and momentum. We were the champion with the most clout, and we spent long years getting by all our advanced age. Americans have more the power was more living in the war bowl.

We had been lucky, so we believed in luck. We were sure that an economy of merchandise must be as much as a first instance. Any world economy could be made up for by a lucky strike. We asked the science for more, and in celebration became the same

point of the sensationally rich and unrelentingly expanding popular culture of the Cold War era. We prepared ourselves, but we wanted to be in.

Rabbit Angstrom was a lucky man. He raised his nation and worked to justify them, which is why he was such an inspired choice to be the representative American of his time. He has three kinds of success. He's famous as a sports hero, he gets rich as a salesman, he gets rich as a scientist—all things deeply loved, by a culture that rewards nerves and every more hand some than stress and effort.

But *Rabbit* is also, of course, a failure, a lonely and empty man who can make nothing happen for himself. For *Rabbit* is not an ethical man. This is not to say he's unusually like most Americans, but he has a kind of moral code, though it's a code created like most Americans' largely as himself. It's that *Rabbit* does not live in a moral vacuum in other people. He is, well, a rabbit. When he is confronted with the consequences of his behavior,

EUPHEMISM OF THE MONTH The gold pining in the term under attack has been this. And forget such over-the-top phrases as those in the autumn of their lives, those in the sunset years, or the longer living. The leading candidate is chronologically gifted. And if you're up on your politically correct jargon, you know that older people no longer live in the old folks home, these days they live in a senior-care facility. Using courtesy for the chronologically gifted.

—William Letts

It will change the way you think about Gallo.



—after, say, enjoying a forti-
fied drink, he could be consid-
ered a bit of a hero. But the most moving
moments—his run away. This is
a place in the approach to Rab-
bit, the (epic) that is meant to
describe the nature of Rabbit's
symbolic affliction. He writes
from "Madness of the heart."
And a line about that is per-
haps a little too long, a redun-
dancy of the heart (the conse-
quence of a massive stroke of
chastity that does him in at
Rabbit at last).

In case anyone had a doubt
about what Updike wanted us to
take this novel of domestic suc-
cess meant to express, it is dis-
pelled by a scene near the end of
Rabbit at Rest that has Rabbit
standing at the head of a Fourth
of July parade dressed as Uncle
Sam. It makes for a group dis-
tressing moment. It's true that
there is an anxious side to
Rabbit's selflessness—something
about the simple act of serving,
in loneliness and vulnerability to
chance, is comically appalling.
And he knows it always knows.
But it isn't pleasant to watch
Rabbit gaze himself to death
and to think of it as a metaphor
for our culture.

The Rabbit novels are about
American systems—the overde-
veloped shell and the soft blob of
mind in process. But they have
another aspect too that comes
from the chronic schizophrenia
between Rabbit and Updike—
look Henry James boys, look a
page apart. Every reader
naturally feels that Rabbit is
Updike, only with a little less gen-
erous good fortune, and his hard-
ness and loneliness are indebted
to a degree by the way Updike
concentrated toward him by his own
luckless creator, his most favored
subject. But many readers have
an affection for Rabbit, perhaps,
but most have an affection for
Updike's affection for Rabbit.
And that affection—the affec-
tion you have for the person you
might have been, like the affec-
tion you have for your brother or
your sister—seems very Ameri-
can, too. **E**

120 SECONDS TO GRADUATE

A look ahead for those too busy
to read the review



THE BOOK: *Landscape Painted with Tea*
(Knopf, \$21.95)

THE AUTHOR: Michael Fuad (MEEH-low-
ad PAH-wid), a Yugoslavian poet and pro-
fessor of literary history at the University of
Belgrade. His previous, *Dictionary of the
Kissers*, a mock scholarly puzzle of a novel
cleverly marked by Knopf as a separate
"male" and "female" version, became the
most successful success in our Unborn
East. The Master of the Room.

THE SCOPE: An occasional phantasmagoria
of publishing whereby a delirious work of
fiction by an erudite European professor
lands on coffee tables across the nation with a
heavy but essentially harmless dead-on-it is
meant to be seen and not read. (Only the domestic
nonfiction connoisseurs, the Skom Syndicate, are
potentially vigilant.)

THE PLOT: An abandoned bourgeois concept
that has no place in a metafiction like *Landscape
Painted with Tea*.
METAFICTION UNFOLDING WITH COUTH:
Metafiction is fiction that calls attention to its
own workings, a literary game. It can be con-
sidered by the reader like a Truist. Top art
like a Cracker Jack box, it contains a few
fictions within it and is often famous inter-
ventions by the author who, like an annoying
older sibling at a Monopoly game, keeps ex-
plaining and/or changing the rules. (From the
Greek, meta—"to go beyond," and before.
Like post, meta is an intellectual thought-
fulness of a puzzle that, based on a workaday
word, yields a new form under no load of
meaning and looks up enough due to blind
anybody that follows too closely.)

METAFICTION VERSUS REALIST FICTION: In re-
sist fiction, the writer makes at least a pretense

of relating the characters and plot to their
own devices, means, in effect, "Look Ma, no
hands," in metafiction, the writer is all over the
place, shouting, "Look Ma, these hands!"

THE STRUCTURE: That's better. *Landscape
Painted with Tea* is divided into two sections
of different parts. In the first, an unsuccess-
ful Yugoslavian architect undertakes a pilgrimage
to Greece to visit his father, who remained in
World War II, a story that proceeds chrono-
logically but is interrupted with a painful re-
call of legends about the ancient rivalry
between two massive sides of the Eastern
Orthodox Church. The chapters of the sec-
ond part, which traces the hero's spectacular
career in international fame and fortune, are
arranged like a crossword puzzle that can be
read "across" for the narrative, or "down" to
follow the various throwing threads and sym-
bolic anecdotes. Among other things, the he-
ro's wife falls in love with the reader, and
there is a black space in the end where the
later can provide the solution and/or an al-
ternate denouement to the novel.

A SCENE WITH SOME NOISE: "Landscape
Painted with Tea makes Faulkner's *Predicament*
look like a Mickey Mouse walk-in-out one
setting Serbia-crisis that will make you
say, 'When it comes to Michael Fuad, I know
confusion I didn't like.'"

THE KLUGE WE'VE PROBABLY SEEN: (Where
one from each set)

"Like
Mr. Fuad
attempts the possibilities of fiction
with a style and delight
close to our expectations
with his
literary legions in
beyond the present
clash with postmodernism."

**THE RETURN OF REALIST FICTION (OR, COM-
MON SENSE BEARS ITS UGLY HEAD):** Fuad can't
construct a cogent narrative or create charac-
ters that are anything more than stock figures
on which to hang his metaphysical concerns.
It's a literary shell game. The author keeps
shifting the cups around and calling it a bluff
until you won't notice that there's a work-
ing trade any of these.

A FINAL WORD FROM THE AUTHOR HIMSELF:
"All readers of this book are already unap-
propriate. Any resemblance to actual readers is
coincidental."

BOOKS COLLECTION: Is Fuad actually re-
flecting the relationship between author and
reader, or is he merely describing you, who
have read this column and no longer feel able
to guard to buy a copy of *Landscape Painted
with Tea*? —Ben Christopher Cossell

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SELLING

PARIS, ON A ROLL

By Mark Cohen Miller

Transportation advertising should appeal to man's desire to see and learn, to enjoy the comforts and educational advantages as well as the excitement of travel.

—THOMAS A. DEWESE, *Practical Publicity*, 1904.

One hundred years ago, or even twenty, a billboard selling PARIS would have used the Eiffel Tower or the Arc de Triomphe or some other heavy symbol of the actual place. Today, however, such old structures aren't as recognizable, or as alluring,

as the wares and cheap images that flash relentlessly from every TV screen in these United States.

And so this ad, on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard, depicts Paris not as the backdrop of the film

lightenment, nor as the hero man's paradise of beauty and romance, but as something like a giant Egg McMuffin.

This billboard doesn't tempt us with the exotic but coexists on such the mundane, for the common has, by now, become our member grade in the great food court that is the U.S.A. Given a large placemat, it is now a sign of long-term demand, of the strange made as soothingly familiar as Coke or ketchup—or busy food. Bakery and rolls, the croissant has come here to bloom the center of the Vichy scene, for those hard dark lenses of cold main terms about to melt into the flaky golden brown of the croissant bread.

To put it into words, "Tim, spaghetti, jewelry, one someone big, worldly man by common say it." The croissant makes this quick, however, and just by depicting Paris as a big and sunny edible, but also by symbolizing who do the eating, to black and white, the path is obvious. Thired back like a reconnaissance man, the croissant makes the shallow customer in his/her

Battery,
salt, and
consoling,
the croissant
functions
here to
blunt the
threat of the
Unknown.

warlike mode; in transit, street back and plying out on the flight over, and in the Man ahead, ever passed to rack down that huge mouthful, P.A.R. is and/or whatever other person, place, or thing gets in the way.

And so this ad (and it is typical) wipes out the whole expert

face a large
placemat, and a sign
of long-term demand

man of travel. The destination is not one big snack, the various prior one long food, the transfer just a necessity. The world has "travelled" as a world of taste, a world of someone—just like the all-canned view that appears in this photograph. Trying to make a certain place some mile north of the last sensation, General from once observed, "That's no store there." In the global landscape of consumer and consumed, there's no store anywhere. ☐

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MOVIES

CHARLES BURNETT DOES THE RIGHT THING

By Philip Lopate

In our homogenized, white-bread culture, we often look (perhaps patronizingly) to the ethnic margins for energy. Maxine Hong Kingston, Toni Morrison, and Oscar Nuñez can give our literature a shot in the arm; Spike Lee or Wayne Wang or Robert Townsend can shake up independent filmmaking and rewrite the rules of screen narrative. But the burden on minority artists who succeed is that they may feel obliged, having gotten the Anglo public's fickle attention, to

make "representative" statements that project their communities' aspirations for a more positive image, rather than tell their own unmythologized personal stories.

Not that the two need always conflict. But they may. Witness Spike Lee, who seems caught between being a brilliant screen craftsman and a genuine spokesman for African-American culture. While I happen to believe *Do the Right Thing* was the best American film last year, I also think that Lee, by trying to right all the negative stereotypes of yore movies, ended up as Mr. Burnett: Bored with a city-meltdown about a blind young man made a hero.

Charles Burnett, on the other hand, has had the "ferry" of a low-profile career, basing his craft in the absence of publicity expectations. No newcomer, this black writer-director has already made four starring-budget feature

films, including the breathtaking *Killer of Sheep*, and has even won a MacArthur Foundation "genius" grant. But *To Sleep with Anger* is his first major feature, and what he does is simply momentous: succeeds on his own terms, as he likes, Spike Lee, or Coenbrothers did before him. Burnett's actually casual, transparent style yields one of those rare moments when the usual shroud of movie-consciousness is screened away, and we have the sense of actually watching real lives unfold around us.

Burnett's approach is gentler, more unworldly than Lee's, without the same need for disclaimers or protection. The result is a white spectator like myself, in a privileged glimpse at a world that does not ordinarily let us peep down.

A small example may suffice: Early on, Calene, the aged postcard girl (Paul Butler), looks for her wife, Joanne (Misty Akers), in a room just him on the bed. She has a pair of shoes in her hand, and the walls over which, placed the shoes neatly on her chest, and

The result, for a white spectator, is a privileged glimpse of a world that doesn't often let its guard down.

leaves the room. This is an odd married couple. She doesn't have to have sex with him, just because he's in the mood, nor does the filmmaker have to demonstrate the sexual potency of his black characters. I doubt if a white director could have handled the same scene between a black couple so matter-of-factly.

Burnett is comfortable with these people, and it's refreshing.

To Sleep with Anger is about the most elemental sort of trouble the family Calene and Joanne are experiencing, clashing generations from the Deep South, now living in Los Angeles, they cling to their traditional country ways. These are nice people—but as Frankford over and of Douglas Sirk's characters, "You wonder how such nice people can be so fucked up." These two grown men have a floor sitting





Tom Scott's *Them Changes*. Playing time, 42 minutes.

Time for something different, an E&J and soda.

reality going. The older son, Junior (Carl Lumbly), is hardworking, self-righteous, ideal. But brother Richard (Booker) rebels against the rigid structure of his father without any idea what to put in its place—he is weak and incapable, a narcissist inspiring to behold.

These family tensions are laid to rest by a telephone call. Harry Newman arrives on their doorstep. Harry is from Colorado and Junior's hometown, and they are very close as sons as long as he likes—so a father he does not refuse. Brilliantly played by Danny Glover, Harry is a manipulative drunk who quickly turns up the cranks in the household and exploits them. Soon he has Luke Bender strong out of his hand. Commonly bawling and pining the younger man, he offers as a gesture fatherly image the "buckos sages" who will teach him to drink in style. Drink were liquor, and keep a woman by making her believe he's not long. Luke Bender is almost his wife, Linda. Given how a son, and the two brothers are literally in each other's throat. However, responsible Harry is for their case, somehow you can't help like him (emphatically for the first, I suppose). It is a miracle of the film's balance that you root for the sensual Harry, even as you pity the others who stand up to him.

Glover's performance has an undeniable theatrical dimension, and, in truth, the whole film feels staged as much as it is a story of personal growth and self-discovery. Harry's playing, with echoes of O'Neil, Bette, The Man Who Came to Dinner, August Wilson. But another reason dramatic is that Harry's dialogue is more interestingly written than any person of the same type in the history. There are lovely subliminal lines, like when Linda tells Harry: "Junior's wife, she kept her father's name in the refrigerator, and that's why I don't eat over there too much."

What makes this movie from

THE SEVENTIES WATCH

An ongoing examination of how an underappreciated decade transformed the world as we know it

FORD, THE UN-QUAYLE

It's back again. With the opening of his library in Texas. Quayle, tricky as out of purgatory and an

his way in the 1972 Republican convention, where his rehabilitation is being finalized. It's obvious that American makes its 1970s political, which is why it is interesting them in the '70s. In the current road, Bush stars as the pro-Washington Nixon, a relentless liberal conservative with a reliable and spot for China. Quayle plays the supporting role of Ford, the national guard member, gaff-laden who may one day run the country. The movie's political dimension is easily replacing itself. Strains has moved to the front

runner once again. A few reveals, reminiscent of Callaghan's Proposition 13, comes in Jersey.

But the real plot is only just developing. Consider this possibility: The savings-and-loan scandal strikes an outraged populist reaction, discrediting the President and his henchmen. This provides an opportunity for a more subtle film. Subway figures to surface Washington as the most of a back-to-back corruption and the scandal is blown. Our co-protagonist Carter figures takes office later in the decade and high expectations, only to suffer his own moral and political disillusion and decline. The movie ends with another offer, do we really need to see it again?

—Josh Winkler



theatergoing is the way it breathes. There's a continually mellow pace, scene, in which Harry's ruffian friends and Susan's daughter are constantly, and the film creates an intimate while lifting off to another dramatic plane. How Newman able to do both simultaneously—relax and intensely—is his special gift. He also knows movies are a

language of love, and he provides us with some great scenes, like the scene where he is seen in a car, and Susan's daughter is in a car, and the film creates an intimate while lifting off to another dramatic plane. How Newman able to do both simultaneously—relax and intensely—is his special gift. He also knows movies are a

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So, Whose Side Are You On?

By Donald R. Katz

THE COMPUTER SCREEN I'm gazing upon as I write this column contains only the letters of this sentence. My monitor flashes no grinning faces, beaming apples, images of possums' palates, or brightly colored yip "howdowns" draped over stop-and-go lights. It makes no winking winks as I roll a mouse across my desk (forming a little subliminal picture of a mouse) representing a data file inside another icon that looks like a trash can or a black hole in outer space.

"You're a dinosaur. You're driving a Model T," many of those arrays along the technological edge now tell me. "Fly, you line computer are going goose, and you're being left behind."

Goose is what computer people say when they refer to GUI—Graphical User Interface. The acronym means "graphically defined," but it generally refers to programs that cause a computer to do what user-friendly artists designed to render the harrowing complexities of computerized tasks as simple as watching TV. GUI software turns a computer into a graphic user interface, not unlike Pro-w's Playhouse. It allows your dumb computer to become a handworking metaphor, full of icons—those little pictures of not-holes, not-baskets, pencils, balloons, calculators, letters, phones, and clocks. Instead of your signature, you can send people links computer drawings of your face via GUI protocols, and your travel agent can present itineraries with little pictures of planes, cars, and beds, just in case you forget how to read.

Just grab the little mouse apparatus sticking out of your GUI-ready machine, roll it around on top of your desk until the picture it controls rests on one of those icons for an action, using pressure that you can "pull down" or



**This is not about
Apple versus IBM. It's
about who you are**

"push up," as on windows displaying varied functions.

Not long ago, graphic images on a computer screen were reserved to video games and Apple Macintosh machines. In 1984, the Mac, and its now-famous mouse, exploded from various GUI developments in the works for thirty years, and was immediately called an expensive toy by serious computer users—that is, those who owned IBM PCs or their clones. The more serious you were about computers, the more numerous were the arcane phrases by which you'd learned to "terraform" with a computer. Almost everyone else had to know the rudimentary lingo of MS-DOS—the disk operating system that still makes

IBM's shift out of park—or, for the oppression of owning a Mac.

The dissemination of personal computers has been an economic and technological process rife with schemes, break-the-wire wars, and emotionally charged camps. For years the most evident split was between analysts of the Macintosh and the true believers supporting IBM PCs. First-time computer purchasers often felt they had to decide who they really were in order to own a computer, because the difference between a Mac person and an IBM person implied an entire lifestyle, academic cultural preferences, and whole dreams of how best you used.

Mac people were West Coast—an apple if you like. They were enlightened, hip, postmodern, right-brained, well-adjusted, and generally appreciative of art, aesthetics, and the interpersonal relationships that the computer revolution brought. They were people who collected things like old BMWs. From the IBM-PC perspective, Mac people were less than serious, buggy-dippy, technologically naive, premodern, given to spending hours drawing pictures to make more sophisticated finger paintings with their MacPaint programs, and in general, too scared to master the techniques of real computer usage.

PC people, on the other hand, were East Coast, left-brained, serious, technical, hackers, ultra-power users, really nerdy teachers, writers, and in general, more successful. (Gee, how do you know, since people numbered of audi-

erty, women who don't share their legs, men who don't use deodorant, and computer doors, said the Macs are "PC people," an Apple euphemism once told me, "drive Budo." But then, "Apple computers," a PC person said, "are people who grew up in the Trix, wandered in, and always wanted, more than anything, the white, to drive around in BMW."

This all might seem—metaphorically speaking—a cup-headed insult, but the antagonism and enthusiasm were real. In many other machines began to operate via the same character-based user interface (GUI) reserved for IBM's that the new technology meant because MS-DOS—the software instead of the hardware. Meanwhile, so many pragmatists, musicians, and users began to demand the kind of busy graphics and unceremoniously legions of errors made famous by the Macintosh that the new standard for the other side became GUI. Now it was "poor" versus "user"—an ideological, technical, and economic conflict that took a huge turn this year in favor of the forces of GUI. It happened around the time people began to trace me about me "measuring" with the industry because I still didn't have a mouse and because the "Mac crew" arrowhead-shaped prompts still appeared on my screen.

While the majority of computer users—including the one in three Americans who compute at home, and the countless others made to do so at work—will peek at discussions on keyboards, GUI software will probably be increasingly met level or distant onto your screen soon. At a recent software conference a judge announced that he would have his wife/daughter—Northwest Airlines—had sprung a new and very GUI system, replace with little cartoon airplanes moving across the screen, on conversations without a single wronging on an organized without record, making the system to be pulled right away. The system found the program dimensions.

By the most powerful GUI software is represented by Microsoft's Windows program—specifically, the third coming of Windows, called 3.0. This software is a veritable sound and light show that suggests all desktop functions in a specifically designed to make MS-DOS interface GUI Windows makes all those IBM's, Compaq's, and clones out there are like blas.

A Microsoft study of comparative productivity between GUI computer users and those using GUI software showed that GUI workers work faster, make 5 percent fewer errors, and learn much more quickly. It is hard for me to believe this, adding with a mouse at least, but that's what the study says.

That's no doubt that someone who is

Technics Culture

ahead of computers will benefit greatly from seeing pictures on a computer screen and drawing pictures around words to move and edit them rather than pointing to strange characters. I am also quite sure that the many engineers who now design everything from microprocessors to bridges to advanced Compaq Aided Design (CAD) systems are mobilizing all the graphics for their own something cynical and even duplicitous about the way that GUI itself is being marketed to the general consumer of moving, filing, calculating, and organizing programs is profound new advances in the schooling of people and these brilliant, dark machines that have so changed our lives.

And pictures of men and file folders are not anything like these giant steps in the direction of some consummate synergy of people and machines. The way I see it, I have taken the time to learn a complex language—however poorly—that allow me to get my work done efficiently. GUI programs will not give up the promise of language in favor of symbols. If pictures are such wonderful ways of communicating, then why have most people spent so

From the IBM-PC perspective,

Mac people are glibble,

hippy-dippy, and, in general,

too stupid to master the

techniques of a real computer.

much time creating literature, writing letters, and building libraries, when stock figures and lost drawings would have been the culture? Even at Apple, I'm told, the people answer say "it's not a word's worth a thousand pictures."

A fellow named David Cardfield Smith coined the term "user" for computer usage in 1975. According to a recent article in the engineering journal IEEE Spectrum, Smith said he adopted the term from the Russian Orthodox Church, where an icon "is more than a statue; because it embodies properties of what a person is, a Russian icon of a saint is holy and is to be venerated." You get a lot of this kind of talk in CompuWorld. These sacred silicon icons—just looking and using—should only know how much working, in the first of all, a given one.

If we are to know about the study promising GUI's productivity, we should also know about the less scientific results of its

increase at the University of Delaware, in which PC users wrote at college level, while Mac writers common card at a level just below that of an eighth grader on the widely accepted Kucered scale of literary proficiency. Much sooner was the difference in essay topics chosen. PC kids wrote about modern war and capital punishment, while Mac kids wrote about love, food, popular music, and TV.

One of the observed facts about the push toward graphics is that many of the most desirable features of the flashy programs can be incorporated into character-based, non-GUI software. This is important when you add the fact that all of the best GUI programs require large quantities of processing power and therefore take more memory and more memory than most existing personal computers usually have.

Sean Kelly Boudie, the longtime observer of computer programming community mechanisms, has questioned the social conscience of an industry that creates programs that require chip factories to fire up and emit ever-larger quantities of noxious chlorofluorocarbons that chew up the ozone layer.

Most computer users know how addictive speed can be, but GUI programs are actually quite slow—often they are loaded into new supplies, accordingly, RAM loaders are chosen. Upgrade your software to start-of-the-art GUI and you have to upgrade your machine. A sign-of-the-logic Mac goal to run the prettiest software—the best (the IBM's of desktops, for instance—cost at least \$1,200. It is possible that the broadcast focus of the

computer industry are selling the public an upgrade that will maintain the good health of a desktop-personal-computer market that last year brought in \$4.6 billion for IBM, \$5.5 billion for Apple, and \$3.5 billion for Compaq.

Not. But I will go so far as to type out on my technologically antiquated setup here that until a computer can interface with the human mind at a much higher level than these graphic metaphors, it would seem accurate to think the more a few know, the less they know, the more useful it will become. It would be nice if graphic environments adhered the questions keep all the most policy implies. But if there is a choice to be made between an investment of money and an investment of time and effort dedicated to understanding what a computer really does, the time and effort will learn out the expense of color and flash. It

JOHNNY CASH ON GUITAR.



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Don't Capital

The Young and the Reaganless

By Andrew Sullivan

AT THE TENDER AGE of conservatism, Daniel D'Souza has the rare distinction of being a has-been.

A few short years ago, in his early twenties, he was a policy adviser in that second nucleus of Washington history, the Reagan White House. In those days there were so few qualified neo-conservatives that D'Souza, straight out of Dartmouth College, found himself a mere mortal or so from the Oval Office, one of a bevy of blow-dried neo-conservatives elevated to a position of power. And like most of them, he was a believer. As a teenager, he'd studied supply-side economics, read Ayn Rand, subscribed to *National Review*, and developed an unshakable belief in G. K. Chesterton. In Washington, he graduated to the heights of policy analysis, and the reinforcement of his passion, conservatism, and authenticity came in the form of a minor celebrity.

Daniel D'Souza, we used to call him, in tribute to his debt memory of spot control. He gave quotes on background. He was personal correspondence on White House newspaper. He showed up at Washington book parties. Paddy Bosworth was his vacation sidekick, Patrick Buchanan, his ride into Ronald Reagan's and watched *The McLaughlin Group*. He occasionally appeared on *The Washington Post Style* section.

He and dozens like him were temporarily everywhere, a whole generation of post-graduate students, they wrote columns and white papers, squabbled voices and arguments about preaching a kind of children's chorale to the bellwether of the Reagan Right.

Daniel D'Souza is now unemployed. Well, maybe that's a bit of an exaggeration. To be precise, he's working, only he's doing it in a dark tank, the American

Andrew Sullivan writes this column monthly for *Esquire*.



They came to make

America safe for conservatism;
now they mix drinks

Enterprise Institute, which, along with the Heritage Foundation, serves as something of a waller (look for conservative intellectualism down on their back). Andrew D'Souza, the former chief Reagan speechwriter, is now there as well. At Heritage, once the hottest Washington think tank, other neo-conservatives are pushing out policy papers no one even gets to read anymore. In the post-Cold War, neo-conservative, post-Reagan as of today's Washington, these neo-cons stand the ghostly reek of the ancient post-Soviet, a new five years after the death of the Reagan revolution, you get the feeling it wasn't supposed to end like that. Somewhere, something went a little wrong.

the national media," and "on the moral offensive." No need to be too big, neo-conservatives too, however, for these bright young neo-cons to mess.

Then, in 1990, was the theory. A decade later, the neo-cons have proved a little less elevated. Don Hart has gone from being head of lectures and seminars at the Heritage Foundation to running Clinton North's Freedom Alliance. Anthony D'Souza, the former speechwriter for Reagan, has gone on to write a book about Reagan's speechwriting. Paddy Bosworth has gone from presidential speechwriting to writing a book about presidential speechwriting. Bob Kagan, the young Elliott Abrams aide who helped run the counts was in the 1980s, is writing a

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ing away. The incident convinced Young Americans for Freedom, born by dwindling membership, recently closed down its Washington office and moved to Vienna, Virginia. Matters were going so bad last March that the Heritage Foundation organized a concert for all these underdogs who were suffering from Reagan dimes. Even Dineen these days has a milder curve to his permanently coiled up pen lip. He's got a couple of books coming out soon, and he's editing a small political book called *Death for Democracy*. Confession: And now that he's gotten used to it, accepting live lunches from the American Enterprise Institute doesn't seem all that bothersome after all.

Perhaps the least expected emotion is being sorry for them. It creeps up on you slowly, this compassion for the politically homeless. You see them wandering around Washington these days, limp, bemused looks on their faces, gazed between de-pression and confusion, not sure whether they just won the Cold War or lost their jobs, or both. Their plight is even more desperate than that of New York's unemployed band striders, and it occurs to us bankers. At least the bankers can take their skills elsewhere. For many of the politicians, their contacts to weave their skills. And no one wants them anymore.

Both in the final count. It's not just the Newtman policy agenda. There's something about the Reagan filled office buildings of General's right about the world's most basic remedy, an Reaganer's working of military power, its analogies: when-comes-of-it, its lucrative loans into public relations as a substitute for politicians—that makes the situation? Face most poignant. These people, a few say, were the first generation to come in Washington that actually believed in something. And Washington has eroded its cruel, predictable savings.

Sometimes that revenge is evil indeed. I was in a D.C. bar late one Saturday night recently, and the guy next to me suddenly started singing. It sounded familiar. Let's wait. The Clash Are All That. Sure enough, he'd come to Washington to take a high-ranking position in the Reagan ad campaign. He was in his thirties now, and on his fourth beer. He'd been inspired by the new ones, the military buildup, the crossroads against communism, and finally the 1984 Reagan campaign, in which he won a top operative. For a decade, these old Americans had largely propelled his existence. He was now a part-time center who were a day or two in and around the White House at cocktail parties in Georgetown. And he could wait there to go up. I thought how another drink. ☐

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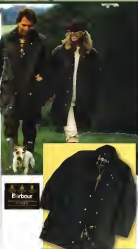
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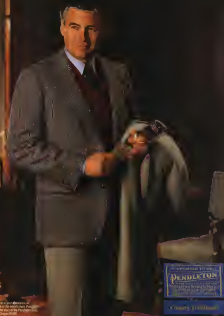
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The First Sex

Sorry as I Oughta Be

By Stanley King

THAT I REGRET, Al, I did the same. I did my best. Tomorrow I'm giving one. It's not of those to give me a momentary an idea, say last night in the past. Hope you don't mind if I go on a bit. It's been a long time since anyone would let me talk, let alone hear to what I have to say. I lost my credibility, see. A woman in a short gown will do that to a man. Lord knows I don't ever want to get sent back here. It's cold, and a man could go crazy from the spiritual hunger, you know, the loneliness, the terrible sense of isolation from the rest of polite society. Maybe the worst part is the knowledge that while you're doing your time, there are millions of women and politically correct men out there who disagree with more than they do occasional occasions or something. At least they're more vocal about it.

My crime was making fun of women. I asked it. And for every, no, really I am, her too...ack, ha...

What's that, AP? Oh, it's quite a story. Back in June, I published a short list of what a typical husband might seek in "a perfect wife." I suggested that such a wife should be happy to stay up late to see a horse as her husband's favorite sport, keep to make round, passionate love right after he has come in from the garden, full of compost, offer a pillow for his head when he is drunk in his bed in the night. I wouldn't call it a very flattering picture of the bourgeois male. But that's okay. Nobody's going to arrest me for that crime.

In the process, it seems I blithely waded into the area where negatively violent and possibly stupid people of all sexes might have perceived that I was attacking just all women. The story ran in *Look*. Al, don't let me making fun of women! My only reason is to say that, Al

Stanley King is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



I will not be a sexist.

I will not be a sexist.

I will not be a sexist.

the time, I thought it was possible to find women amazing. Now I know better. After years of effort, women have won the right to be taken more seriously than they deserve! Good work! Be in to be in!

Sorry, Al. Sorry, sorry, sorry. Anyhow, I know I was in trouble right away. Friends called to say that they were

women. The writer, Cate McTigue, whose book I loved, made fun of me in the *San Francisco Examiner*. The female anchor on the CBS Morning News read a bit of it on the air, and "regrettable," and made a disingenuous note with her mouth. I've not read it, it was Paula Zahn or Edye Farrow, but either way I felt very bad.

The next morning, they came for me. I was making a cup of coffee and a bowl of oat flakes for myself when there was a knock on the door. It was Charles DePaul. "Get up all your letters and come with me please," he said, clearly implying I went to the island.

"Would I do?" I blurted as they dragged me into the dark swamp of the holding pen with what seemed like millions of barking, bellowing, screaming. Many were clanking with chains of jagged. Others were waiting with a glazed expression to be served a snack.

"While making fun of yourself, you wandered into that gray area where some unimpaired readers might believe you were making fun of women," said a neutral voice from a small common room at my belt.

"Make fun of women?" I screamed. "Make fun of HADDIS for God's sake!" An alarm went off, and several men wearing head shirts and knee-length shorts without socks rushed in, and everything went black. When I woke, I was face-down on a lumpy mattress, writing a dinner cover that had been allowed to sit

half-draped in a dryer for an uncomfortable amount of time. "A man must have laundried this," I muttered. They lit one again, and the light went out.

The next thing I knew, I was bound to a chair, a halogen lamp shining in my face. "Hi, Stan," and an impersonal voice from the other side of the light. "We're going to have a little chat, if that's okay."

"Oh yeah," I said eagerly. "You guys love me all wrong!"

"I doubt that. And if you were one for someone to correct the thinking and writing on the subject, you'd know we don't like the word guys."

"Sorry."

"You realize that what you said was quite offensive to women?"

"But," I said, "but I don't see why! All I was doing was repeating just how much they and several of the experts stress most men have of their wives!"

"Uh huh. It's plausible. Still, it doesn't sound one bit like an apology to me. And you're going to stay in here until you apologize, see? Sincerely, in a way that shows a modicum of attitude."

"Erik. Okay, I apologize."

"No, Stan. We want a real apology. Not the kind you find so easy to do to angry women. Take your time. We'll wait."

I fell silent for a long time. I could smell coffee brewing in the darkness beyond the light. After a while I requested something to drink. They let me have a glass of Kool-Aid I had to use myself. It was lovely.

"Sweet as the beginning," said the voice.

"When I was little, I depended a lot on my mother."

"Good, Stan. Good."

"Like... cooked things, changed my diapers, and hugged me when things got rough. My father hugged me also, by the way."

"Impossible. There's no evidence that any man before our generation knew how to be nurturing."

"Gee."

"You thought your mother was there simply to make life easier for you?"

"Yes!"

"You want every woman to be your mother? Confused?"

At this point, I broke down crying. I think that was wise. A female hand with its nails buried down to the quick slapped me three cheeky slaps that had actually been baked in an oven, as opposed to being microwave.

"We'll get on to your adolescence."

"When I was twelve, I discussed I had opened the door to Mrs. Perard's French class, and there was Sharon King standing in the middle of the room, and she had no

THE FLOOD SEX

short on. There was her chest, gleaming white in the fluorescent overheads, and I was smitten with one of the most powerful bolts of sheer lust I have ever felt in my life.

The thing is, I never did take Sharon seriously as a person, because, around me at the time, she walked about smiling but bare and school. So I guess Sharon was the first woman I was interested in primarily as a physical object."

"Don't you owe her an apology?"

"So I did, I'll bet."

"Now, don't you think you should also apologize to my sister, Betty Thompson, Frankie Granda, Marjorie D'Donofrio, Nancy Albrecht, and your high school English teacher, Mrs. Kaplan, at least for what you were thinking?"

"How did you know about them?"

"And how about Doris?"

"Doris was useful to me!"

"You behaved like a Neanderthal. She's still going over the hurt you put on her."

"Hey!" I was losing it. "You people insist on making a political noise out of stuff that just... isn't!" At this point the male cast of storyworkers came onto the scene and looked me over a little closer.

"Make fun of women?" I screamed. The next thing I knew, I was bound to a chair and a halogen lamp was shining in my face.

"These attitudes of yours, Stan! Harenly!" the voice gently alluded as they glowered and twinkling on the floor. "Don't you think they're evidence of a deep hostility toward women?"

"No! I love women."

"All women?"

"Certainly not. I don't like you, for instance."

"But what you... love?"

"Oh yes I do. What you do love me, too."

The idea that I've inadvertently alienated more than one of you at the same time is deeply disturbing to me, dear."

"All right, Stan. Oh. One last thing. We'd like you to leave come away with some insight. Got any?"

Her voice was severe, and my heart contracted in my chest like a walnut in a sleep fryer. "Well, sure," I said, "I think I do. I would have something to do with respect... how you girls have it and... if you

don't, you'd better not show it."

"Good, good. Now, if you're willing to sign something along those lines I think we can be free of each other... for the time being."

My interrogator stepped into the light. Her honest face was filled with smiling, her black jumper suit kindly pressed, and she had a kindly glimmer in her eye. "You sure I'll see you back here real soon," she said.

"Well then, I'm off to lose all my body fat, after which I'll undergo surgical augmentation. That whole thing is pointless now, especially in L.A. Any comments?"

So that's where we are, Al. I'm going sign that damn statement tomorrow morning and get the hell out of here. And from here on in, boy, I plan to stay clear of this place. I have no desire to join the modernists at the end of the hall. Sorry, who quietly regards women in restaurants and bars with the kind of attitude that usually went hand to whether he will ever know them as people. Arnold, who feels using that, after six years of service, his wife still needs help to open a jar of mayonnaise. Miss, who will still buy a third new pair for his daughter's sixth birthday simply because she, like me, needs one.

They're all here, overdressed three weekly to speak to a lesbian... then... He to do he left!

Oh God, excuse me, Al. I didn't mean to crack up like that. I'm so close. But the idea of these guys going on there and having a lesbian interpretation put on whatever it is they're thinking and doing and how their husbands!

Aw, look, Al—just being

them in girls, on the side of making women all that scenery of all the ridiculous! They're women! Love 'em! Hate 'em! Years for 'em! Admire 'em, even! But take them seriously all the time! Come on, Al! Hahahahaha! Hahahahaha! Mmk! Wierde... ha... Phhhhhhhahaha!

How are you looking at me like that, Al?

[Her life. Al's one of the newbies, she's arrested in his fourteen-year. The sound of scuffling against, then!]

Chasier! Scier! He's wearing a waist!

We know what to do with guys like you, don't we, boys? Boys! Why are these no bigger boys around when you need them?

[A loud series of clings. Hushings!]

Get your hands off and I'll be good! I'll sign whatever you want! Think whatever I should! Just don't show me in the hole again! I'm tired of the dark! Nooooo!

He'll! Hup! MOTHERS! BURN!

[Salute to the distance, ladies!]

Always provide her with expensive goods.

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And always, always, be a tiger in bed.

MARTELL

COGNAC. L'ART DE M.

The Case

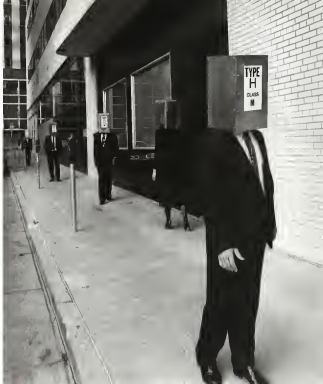
Are we
scrapping
the First
Amendment
to spare
people's
feelings? By David Rieff

Well before Nelson Mandela arrived in New York this past summer to begin a triumphal passage through the great cities of the United States, his impending visit had inspired entrepreneurs to manufacture a line of T-shirts bearing the likeness of the ANC deputy president and ornamented with maps of Africa and slogans affirming black unity. The biggest sellers carried a simple message: **IT'S A BLACK THING YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND**. Taken by itself, the sentiment expressed on the T-shirt, with its sad mixture of resignation and defiance, may not seem all that significant. Mandela, though he surely would have understood the

Against

message, would with equal certainty have repudiated such a slogan. But what the T-shirt says about blacks and Mandela is not as important as what it says about blacks and America and about Americans in general. For the phrase perfectly sums up the degree to which matters of ethnic and allegiance—and even the most elementary questions of understanding—are now thought to be the exclusive intellectual and emotional property of those various groups most afflicted by them. ■ For “It’s a black thing,” spokesman “It’s a [black] thing,” and you’re in business. Mandela’s visit may have made the comments of

Sensitivity





Remember this well: For

our Los Angeles Dodgers

vice-president Al Campanis

[left], former sports prog-

ramulator Jimmy the Greek

Goetzoff, and former vice-

mayor of the interior James

Watkins diagnosed anti-

racism of their actions, but

because of their words.

going. New York blacks legible to every one who cared to look, but as a way of thinking about the world it may be no means restricted to certain narrowly politicized segments of black America. For more than a decade, and for longer in some circles, a spirit of postmodernism has been setting in, as college campuses, in the loudest debates on pornography and free speech, and more prominently, in the gay and feminist movements. Not only do people seem persuaded by the proposition that, when all is said and done, nobody can understand anybody outside one's own group, but by its corollary: For a member of one group—to be ethnic, sexual, or racial—to exclude the natives, the wives, or the culture of someone in some other group is to be guilty, according to the current terms of art, of "denying" or "silencing."

At first glance, it seems more than a little peculiar to worry about sensitivity in a country whose shameful crime statistics, following economy, increasingly illustrate and measure prejudice, and whose political leadership are not joining a fraction of the attention they deserve. Nonetheless, sensitivity is now so important to some like the Left, and for the disaffected establishment, look in the public schools and in university campuses, in the general of human rights has been for the Right. Increasingly, in a United States that becomes more racially diversified each year,

every group that views itself as oppressed or disadvantaged has chosen to contrast its situation in the language of the Civil Rights movement. Like the Civil Rights movement, the battle has been purely legal and purely linguistic. Gay, the disabled, and women

have all pressed for modest reforms, and these demands are entirely just. But more and more, the call has been for psychological and verbal violence as well, and that demand may not only be impossible to fulfill, but dangerous as well.

The United States remains a puritan country in which, despite everything that has happened during the past thirty years, the custom is even very far before the rest of the world. It is also a country whose people believe, as they always have, that there is little about themselves, whether it be their physical or their beliefs, that they cannot alter if they change their behavior radically enough. So it should come as no surprise that Americans, finding themselves in a society in which the means of clothing, manners, and behavior seem to grow each year, would imagine that if they could learn to think positively and respectfully about one another everything would be okay.

The idea is peculiarly American. Civ-

EVERY group that views itself as oppressed has construed its situation in the language of the Civil Rights movement.

tenly, it is hard to imagine Europeans or Asians falling for the illusion that if only they could learn to be sufficiently sensitive to other cultures, their age-old conflicts would disappear. But then those cultures believe in tragedy, in the continuing authority of the past, whereas few Americans have ever really believed that the past is anything except a period in the future. The result has been that instead of writing to one another in a neutral or public, many will now write Americans must to keep them under the rug. It sometimes seems as if the only way you can get in trouble in the United States these days is by arguing satis-

fying offensive. Each of the second-wave groups of colored members Earl Ray and James Earl Ray. They were not branded out of office, as perhaps they should have been, for the policies they caused out, but rather for making offensive jokes.

The examples are legion. The racist remarks of a Jimmy Breslin or a Jimmy the Greek or an Al Campanis find their echoes in the attitudes of rap group Public Enemy, whose anti-Semitism, however indirectly phrased, is clear enough. Indeed, which of us has not felt the painful sting of hate speech? What is different about the current climate is that whereas in the past most Americans assumed that the best way to combat hate speech was with other speech, today many are looking for ways to suppress it. Many decent people apparently have come to believe in a sort of affirmative action equivalent of the general old small-town rule, "If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all."

There will undoubtedly change police were nearly lampooned by Russell Baker, who recently wrote a column that imagined Wagner receiving advice from an American well-wisher about how he might overcome The Ring to make it better received in contemporary American venues. "Rewrite the opening!" Baker's tacitly conscious homophobia suggests helpfully, "to disavow the excessive treatment of dwarfs enfolded in the characters of the dwarf Albinus. The Rheine Maidens' calling him ugly and feeble is offensive to dwarfs, as is the suggestion that a dwarf cannot be sexually satisfying to menials. Having Albinus recall that Rheine Gold imports

criminally restricts to dwarfs and is an over-the-top "Smaller groups tend to avoid offending the sensitivities of various oppressed groups are proliferated concerning Wagon, Fickel, Segmundo, Brunschick, and the rest. There is no Wagner left after this treatment, of course, but neither is there any thing left in the opera that could conceivably be interpreted as disrespectful toward any race. Only the one group that the writer

David Hall is at work on a book, Los Angeles. Copied of the Third World, due to be published next year by Simon & Schuster. This is his first article for Esquire.





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considers to be an
oppressor, Episcopalian,
is held up as suitable
for more and clearer
Wagner is viewed as
any anything he likes
about them

Baker's stance is ac-
tually a pretty faithful
condemnation of the views
of an influential group of scholars, soci-
alists, and writers for whom free speech,
when it offends those who can be called dis-
empowered by society, is by no means an
absolute right. Make fun of Episcopalian
or real estate developers by all means, they
argue, but don't say anything even
passingly negative about members of op-
pressed groups, because such remarks are
an expression of opinion that harmful
"speech acts" that have the effect of perpe-
rating that disempowerment. It was more
or less on these grounds that Max Men-
delsohn, a law professor at Stanford, wrote a
influential article in a 1978 issue of the
Michigan Law Review calling for univer-
sities to forbid hate speech directed at minori-
ties. Menelsohn argued that freedom of
speech, properly understood, was a gen-
erally useful standard to protect the power-
less. If this did not mean punishing
individuals, but members of outside
groups, like women or racial minorities.
Then, a rock woman would potentially be
protected by the First Amendment but a
poor white man (unless gay, or disabled, or
otherwise "disadvantaged") would not.

Using logic similar to Menelsohn's, 137
American universities (including Stanford
and the University of Michigan) have in the

last two years passed
protections on hate
speech. The Michigan
code was eventually
scaled down by the
courts, but the extent to
which the principle of in-
teresting speech is gain-
ing acceptance can be
gauged by the discus-
sion the issue has pro-
voked even within the American Civil
Liberties Union, which until recently was
absolutely an all free-speech organiza-
tion. The national organization has bowed
to its traditional interpretation, but several
of the largest affiliates, most notably in
northern and southern California, have ac-
cepted the argument that speech is, at least
in some situations, less an expression of
personal freedom than a form of power,
and as such, is subject to censorship. The
analogue of what is banned is broad. The
University of Michigan policy prohibited
"any behavior, verbal or physical, that stig-
matizes or victimizes an individual on the
basis of race, ethnicity, religion, sex, sexual
orientation, creed, national origin, ances-
try, age, marital status, handicap, or Viet-
nam-era veteran status." Perhaps the
"except Episcopalian" is implicit.

This kind of censorship used to be mainly
the province of the Klu Klux. To use an ob-
vious example, the University of Wisconsin
has been punished by the Supreme Court

California at Berkeley is the only school
called the Free Speech Movement. Indeed,
as recently as 1964, the ACLU combated a
request to which the school is to some in-
dustrial rights was powerless as coming
from the Right. Ah, the good old days.

At the ongoing debate over federal hand-
ling of the anti has simply demonstrated, the
danger from the Right has not receded. The
movements seem to have even joined the fray
with the Cold War over, they must have to
search - namely Samuel Lipman, the pub-
lisher of New Criterion, could be seen on a
recent segment of the *Mar/Neil/Liberty*
NewsHour arguing that the question of ob-
scenity should really be decided by an on-
going process of popular referendum. Now,
however, we are beginning to hear left-
winging spots on the same argument, from
what might be called the reform branch of
the antiwork movement. In place of
"community standards," said "we are the
the oppressed." It played at a recent gay
rights march in Washington summed up
this new mood nicely: **SEX DISCRIMINATION**
is real, not HOMOSEXUALITY.

Among people on the left, the ques-
tion has taken on the dimensions of a re-
lative view can be blunted through the
public application of what might be
called linguistic martial law. Like all ap-
peals for income measures, it has the force
of religious dogmatism and the limitations
of both obscure gradations and wishful think-
ing. The dilemma is at the gay march
probably never passed as
wonder: whether, if it came
to banning anything, it
might more likely be gays
than gay feeling.

AMONG left-wingers
there is a conviction that offensive views can be
blunted through a kind of linguistic martial law.

most people in a given community are af-
fected by pornography. The attitude that
Senator Biden has been leveling against the
National Endowment for the Arts for an-
derwriting exhibits of Robert Mapplethorpe's photos, and the decision by a
federal judge in Florida to ban the sale of
reprints of Lee Crow's novel *At Nasty as*
Terry Wines. So, not only the most in-
vulnerable of the orthodox censorship: "It's
a question," said the judge in the Lee Crow
case, "between two absolute prin-
ciples—anything goes" versus "nothing al-
ready." Not too bad a way to the University of

Of course, it makes little sense to argue
that banning any kind of speech, no matter
how vulgar, will undermine the whole ba-
sis of freedom of speech in America, if you
believe that offensive speech is not simply
offensive but harmful—an act, at the very
least, of psychological violence. Some liberal
men go further, arguing that pornography
actually incites men to rape and brutalize
women. For Catherine MacKinnon, the
ACLU's decision to defend pornography is
effectively degrades women of their civil lib-
erties. MacKinnon has drafted statutes (one
because law in Los Angeles before it was
struck down by the Supreme Court) that

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ban pornography materials of all kinds. Not surprisingly, her arguments have been warmly embraced by fundamentalist and pornography crusaders like the Reverend Donald Wildmon, with whom the canonist disagreed at least twice (the movement for Mackinnon and Wildmon, as for so many modern American reformers before them, symptoms and cause have gotten mixed up). A copy of *Forbidsure* found in the local library didn't cause the backlash of the family, although it may be a byproduct of its scolding, distasteful. As for Mackinnon's notion that pornography causes violence against women, the truth is that violence against women is, also, the bloody threat that unites almost all races and all cultures. What the canonist is offering is nothing more than the old American fantasy of prohibition: Ban alcohol and no one will drink, ban racism and no one will be a racist, ban pornography and no one will ever have a perverse thought again. Implicit in such thinking is the common assumption—one that fuels all the popular pretensions of both Right and Left—that Americans are so glib and children that they will follow the lead of anything they see or hear. Sure, Mapplethorpe's a Christian and everyone will say gay, sadistic hate speech and soon it will silence not every other sound in the land.

Not surprisingly, pornography aside, conservatives and radicals have disagreed about exactly what should be banned. In

Spain, where canons would be common of all political stripes is far greater, intellectually, than this which divides them, and what is often cited is that in America today the idea of individual rights is made by being ground to the rules of group rights.

We have come a long way from the time when the ACLU decided to go to court to defend the American Nazi party's right to hold a demonstration in Skokie, a suburban Chicago town densely populated with Holocaust survivors. The national law definition of free speech proceeds apace. Given the rise in racial attacks on nonwhite students on college campuses, the argument goes, and the recently intractable problems of rape and the sexual harassment of women, what practical solution is there except to curtail this a series of legal exceptions to the doctrine of free speech? This is, of course, exactly the same argument that people worried about crime make regarding the right of criminal defendants. And, indeed, it is a difficult one to resist. Most criminal defendants, for all the screaming we all speak, are guilty—and that probably included a certain Arizona criminal by the name of Maranda, he of the famous name. So, Aryeh Neier, the Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany who defended the Skokie fascists, had it right when he said in the introduction for his book on the ill-fated exchange from the play *A Man for All Seasons*: "What would you do? Cut a great road through the

WHAT the censors are offering is the old American fantasy of prohibition: Ban racist speech and racism will end.

Teens, parents' groups have campaigned for the removal of books that teach what they call "hateful language" and what is fact is the truth. In California, recently converted groups of parents, most but not all black, have sought to remove *MacLintock* from school library shelves on the grounds that it is racist. Now, if only Jim could have been called "Episcopalian Jim." Reason is all this and so very, depending on where one is being good, although, if only because it is a series of arbitrary caprices, the life of us versus it is usually described more respectfully as the media.

How to go after the devil? Thomas More argued of a pious disciple, "And the men replied, 'We'll not do anything but we'll try to do it.'" To which More moans, "And when the last law was done, and the devil turned round on you—where would you be, the law all being there?"

Not that the whole question can be delayed with a question, no matter how solemn. If the Mackinnons of this world have not demonstrated to anyone's satisfaction how their laws of pornography engender violence against women, this does not make the problem of violence against women any less grave. And the Mackin-



Side and then, behind
the look-alike agent
Salma Hayek (top) and
Jenny Holm (right) is
the belief that late speech
means violence, it is



roads of this world are right when they point out that hate crimes are increasing, out of hand. Absolution decisions of the First Amendment have to be in front of a court when the draconian legislation might have some positive effect, and too simply argue that the moral and political consequences are too severe. One has only to think back to Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential campaign: "You can't legislate love into the hearts of men," he insisted, denouncing the then-New Civil Rights law. But of course you can, up to a point anyway. Where has love not ruled human affairs, whether in Little Rock or in Prague? At the very least, change where women only when faced in a period, as in the South in the 1950s and 1960s, or when the withdrawal, as in Eastern Europe in 1989.

Today, the extent to which blacks and whites do work together (if not live together) in cities like Richmond, Atlanta, and Miami, and in rural areas is a stark reality, as is the fact that the law does more to divide people's hearts a generation ago. But when the federal government supervised all more than one hundred years of Jim Crow legislation, it was making no major legal net effects. We cut everything when we came with the First Amendment. Legal restrictions made, we should be doing everything in our power to avoid imposing yet another layer of conformity and blindness on a country where conformity and blindness in politics and thought are



Martin Luther King Jr.

Martin Luther King Jr.

Speaking at a hearing

In 1964, he was

in, secretly, David

and, perhaps, Lee

For 1964, it was

With 1964, it was

1964, it was

1964, it was

1964, it was

more and more the rule. Americans need to take stock, to assess, to debate, and to debate without sweeping about having one's own feelings. If the country were to be a better shape, people could pretend they were better than they are. But the country is in better shape, and standing up to the arguments that divide us, we are a political unit. It is not going to be long.

For the time, certainly, this new sensitivity, if it prevails, will be an unmitigated disaster. The *Roadside* case provides the perfect example of what is at stake. When it can be read about the celebration of the campaign against The *Atlanta Journal*, there can be no doubt that *Roadside*'s book delivered the unadorned message of many Americans. Moreover, in England, in India, and in South Africa, where much of the controversy originated, Moslems are an oppressed and beleaguered minority. A Muslim Man Moslems might well have argued, as a first before critics (and the reviewer John Berger) have done, that *Roadside*'s right to the rights of the immigrant Moslems "outsiders" to be first of what radical literary critics (who, along with lawyers, are the threat of the new sensitivity) would doubtless call "interference" that prevent their full empowerment. If the parts of where students in a college campus could black and other minority students to feel, in some critical sense, what is one to ask of a book whose promulgation has, say

its elements, perhaps and under memory about the entire Moslem universe? If the argument for having a speech is pushed legally, at least in America, on the grounds of the Supreme Court's "fighting words" exception to the First Amendment, what is one to say about The *Atlanta Journal*? Now there were fighting words.

The kind of sensitivity that is being pushed on university campuses these days would make all serious art nearly impossible, for only a genius could make speaking worthwhile in a context where only positive images are acceptable. Certainly there will be among the first casualties if the case for sensitivity, which can never be anything else but a case for censorship, prevails. Art will exist, of course, but as a species of folklore, the product not of individuals but of groups. Those who argue for this kind of art almost always say that it enhances self-esteem, particularly among those who have felt disgraced by the dominant society. The fact that such a conception of art precludes a *Roadside* does not seem to trouble any advocates. A literary wall paper in itself, pure the argument, successively, no more MATTERFUL, it reads.

This idea of anti-censorship is even more con-

sciousness would feel better about themselves and where students would become less "independent." A similar case is conspicuous in the literature departments of many American universities, where there is a strong push for most women writers, black writers, gay writers, at least, and for fewer DFWMs (Dead White European Males)—perhaps Frost will wind up being taught only in gay literature courses.

In the case of the New York history curriculum, the report was scorned by the education community. The Board of Regents agreed to do a panel that would recommend revisions in the curriculum, stipulating further that the decision of this new multi-cultural master plan were to be chosen in such a way as to ensure that "among the active participants will be scholars and teachers who represent the ethnic and cultural groups under consideration." The authors of the anti-logic report was none other than Louis Jefferson, a black anthropologist at the City University of New York, whose lifework it has been to argue that black people are by nature warm and generous, while whites are cold and greedy. (Inherent cultural traits.) As the educator Diane Ravitch remarked in the issue, there isn't been anything so absurd since Lyndon Johnson that just was less absurd than the Regents' other decision that each ethnic group should have, in effect, the right to decide now what their history had been then. Gore Vidal, hardly the most ignorant narrator of the American present, has called this "good citizenship history," in which people will be taught that

IN GOOD citizenship

history, writes Gore Vidal, Hispanics are warm and joyous, as are the blacks, the Jews, and the women.

and in American education. The example is an excellent. In 1964 a New York State task force issued a report calling for a sweeping revision of the history curriculum taught in the public schools. Emphasis on the Women (that is, the European) tradition, it was argued, had had a "terribly damaging effect on the psyche" of children of non-European origin. What was needed was a curriculum that would de-emphasize Europe and "misleading"—as most often used in educational theory and in parking lots—Africa, Latin, Native American, and Asian contributions to the United States. That way, minority-group

"the Hispanics are warm and joyous and have brought such wonder into our lives, and before them the Jews, and before them the blacks. And the women."

Only in America could an educational reform be based more on an appeal to the students' psyche than on its veracity. But the point was education is a project, and in New York it is that the panel planning the revision of the history curriculum way wind up naming only one hemisphere's not what Vidal says it is, looking good, and for that, one needs less than good intentions, and more than that sensitivity and respect. It has always been like this in



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Classic Art Object
Vetro e Olio, Milano, 1964-1965



Artistic Champagne
Gold Medal Milan A. T. 1964
Piemonte, 1964-1965



Artistic Champagne
Cristallo, 1964-1965
Piemonte, 1964-1965



Artistic Water
Cristallo, 1964-1965
Piemonte, 1964-1965

itala crystal
FINLAND
Pietari, 1964-1965





Rayner? Or Gae? Gae?



photographer Brian Ray

photographer Brian Ray

beats and other activities

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America, where the academic content of the curriculum has taken a backseat to the moral effect the schools were supposed to produce. "Little children," said a third-grade teacher at a Minneapolis public school in the 1950s, "you must seek to be good, cheerful, and true." At the time, American public education emphasized vocational achievement, but educators were already warning against the academic learning, at least when compared with sports, or with what in the 1950s were referred to as "life values." In retrospect, there is only a short distance between this view and the current cult of self-esteem.

Of course, there is no one-size-fits-all system in which the state neither has data a national or conservative narrative, all variations, and for that matter, all variations, are going to be judged on the basis of their contribution to people's issue of psychological well-being. The classroom, however, they may imagine themselves, are not so far removed from the agonies of the larger, the personal values that gave birth to them. Americans are obsessed with finding ways to think about themselves more positively. Whether it was Gae, with his slogan, "Every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better," or "You okay, you're okay," and beyond, Americans are seeking for the idea that if they could have a few more things enough they could do anything.

If positive thinking has been a constant

on American thinking since the days of Benjamin Franklin, and I think at last, it has been most influential a source of its own and among conservative at risk. Think of the widespread belief among African Americans that they become sick because of negative self-image, or the conviction held by some groups of people—men and women alike—that if they release their anger at all they may be able to release themselves.

"Those of you who feel guilty because you believe you caused your own illness," instructs Dr. Benne S. Saper, author of the recent best-seller *Inner Love, Outer Healing*, "or who feel like failures if you cannot reach them, are giving your healing system a destructive message. You must let go of feelings of guilt and failure so that, unencumbered by these negative messages, you can unlock to the fuller your innate healing capacities."

Black people, with their long and tragic history of enslavement and suffering, gay people in the midst of the AIDS epidemic, women, Native Americans—who I say improve that these Americans have accepted the notion that positive thinking can release their oppression, and their negative thinking, whether as source or stereotype imposed by outsiders, or self-imposed, will

the Small Business Administration for more loans for blacks who want to start their own businesses.

Said it earlier are evident in the more recently privileged world of gay people, where the debate about coming out has shifted to many of the same assumptions. Most gay people would probably still agree that they should be free to come out of the closet or to stay in it as they choose. But others are saying that in fact the rights of the gay community must take precedence. If a lesbian gay, or the argument runs, were to come out, this would go a long way toward controlling the negative self-image that many gay men have, particularly if they live in small towns. If these gay role models were available, the outside race among gay men might even drop. So the decision to come out, far from being a private matter, comes to be connected to a matter of life and death. Moreover, parents are also viewed by many activists as an obstacle to their children's freedom. A recent book called *Gay Men and Women Who Knew the World*, on sale at my local bookstore, offers pointed biographies of some famous gay men and women, ranging rather surprisingly from Alexander the Great to Gertrude Stein. Though it would be hard to compare up two human beings more different, the authors mean that they are bound by their "gay sensibilities."

In the end, if course, Americans are so haunted by the demons of the world according to special-interest groups that all other forms of dissent are being lost. Americans have become so preoccupied that they are hardly listening to the voices of dissent. The gay activists who helped secure an Malibu Forbes for coming out, his alleged homosexuality

BLACK crime rates are

increasingly explained by many blacks not as a by-product of need but of internalized self-hatred.

perpetrate that oppression? But that is the point behind the denials and the warnings, the belief that outside is the key to everything. Then, high black crime rates are inevitably explained by many blacks not to be the outcome of language of liberalism, but also in the language of self-hatred, but also in the language of self-hatred. What is necessary, then, is less material improvement than pride. As a result, most of them is given to demonstrating in front of a KKK. Just said in Brooklyn, where a shopkeeper is said to have tossed a black customer disrespectfully, then no doubt was among at least of the New York office of

was, for the most part, first crime of the cognitive system. And yet they are not so common, so much less the usual or ethnic model of gyness with their diligence, in demanding that this racism and phobias come out so that he could serve as a model for other gays. But from being an unwilling or subtle way of understanding the world, this tribal conception into the world of its complexity and its depth.

Though attacked in the rhetoric of an enlightenment, the politics of race and ethnicity are in fact a form of KKK. No wonder the ultimate denial of politics. What matters is not what you think, or what you

In 1799, the brothers Rusty and Dusty Nail had a difference of opinion over who actually invented the new drink with Drambuie and scotch. Guess who won?



Legend has it that the Rusty Nail was created by a Scottish man. But that was some time ago. How long has it been since you've experienced a Rusty Nail, that legendary cocktail that mixes ordinary scotch with rambur? Of course, Drambuie is also pretty good as a solo. It's the one drink that simply has no been. Drambuie: Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1795.

Drambuie. The stuff legends are made of.

stand like, but the color of your skin, your gender, or your sexual desire. That's cultural information in the visual areas of the brain, a conscious slice of identity in which there are no contradictions between individuals, only between groups. And since these groups, by definition, cannot understand one another, the only solution is delusion, respect, sensitivity. "It's a [blank] thing. You wouldn't understand." There used to be a movie for that in America. It was called *Separate but Equal*. A lot of people died to get rid of it, but now, with a new wave, it's back.

In the past, unknown people had the idea that their role models could save them anywhere, not just from among members of their own ethnic group, or for that matter, from people they actually knew. The idea was an emotional life situation, one which they were born. Today, many would agree with the admonition of the black playwright August Wilson, who told an interviewer: "Never remember who you are." And, indeed, if one's identity is, by definition, both good and immortal, then to be anything other than someone is to perform a spiritual negation. The problem is that identity is not fixed, it's fluid, and that a "pure" culture is a paperhouse on sand in a "pure" sea. Because culture, like race, are hybrids, it makes no sense what to do

nothing wrong in a culture, except the ways in which it has been delivered by oppression, that it does to us nothing wrong in a person. When the defenders of a Line Code argue that the hand is an expression of black culture, they are probably right, but they are begging the question. Culture is a mixture of good and bad, and the greatest problem of the new sensitivity is that it makes condemning anything, or even shaking violently about anything, as an impossible act of bad faith.

Real respect comes not from mantras on holy speech, or empty slogans promising group pride, but from the sincere acknowledgment of complexity. "What have I in common with the Jew?" asks Kafka once wrote. "I have nothing in common with myself." Throughout history, all spiritual understanding has been based on the willingness to embrace these sorts of contradictions, and in doing so, to accept that human imperfection is not derived from the manifestations of a transcendent force from the human condition itself. All the sensitivity training in the world, whether psychological or political, will not change this. For, despite what August Wilson says, the only hope for humanity is transcendence, not the false fictions of sensitivity and respect, which are really sensations—"It's a [blank] thing. You wouldn't under-

stand"—is mutual incomprehension. But from being a time when we should be saying less, to the advocates of the new sensitivity keep meaning, we should be saying more. We need a hundred words to express what The Satanic Verses. We need to let the tragedy in, not pretend we can legislate a way. In an age of slogans and semi-sounding bytes, we do not need problems, we must have well-attended.

People often argue that the alienation is a sensitivity of cultures. It isn't. The alienation is toxic, which is an emotion that does not come related with love, or the diverse forms of political activism and ethnic solidarity, as the exaggerated paranoia of a society that can no longer cope with the chaos of belief and conspiracy in which it finds itself located. There is no point in pretending, as Americans so often try to do, that the world is not a tragic place. And there is no need to pretend that all cultures—or for that matter, all people—are good at the same things any more than we can pretend we can all dance about the children in a worthy way to love human beings—as individuals, not as groups or factors—in the same way that parents love their children, teachers, workers, and all. That, and, how ever massive the message may or may not be, it is for itself. ■



Just let go.

Bioge is that unforced, unfettered state-of-mind that exists only on these remote islands. Let go of the hassles and hassles of mainland life and pursue world-class golf, tennis, plunge among spectacular reefs, pursue leisure or just perfect your tea.

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"The industry standard" DSP technology

• Top-rated in the major radar detector tests

• Compact size — so small it's a covert type

• Comes complete with accessories

"The new Escort packs ultimate sensitivity into a small package. Nothing else even comes close, and no wonder... No analog device can hope to match this performance."

John Hunter, December 1987

Relative warning system.

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Robin WRIGHT

NDREN
WE LOVE

It's tough being a talented, got-groupies-in-Hollywood these days. Directors offer you roles, but most of them involve lounging around in a field, waiting for the leading man to return from a hard day's work. "Eight out of ten scripts I get are for roles as the subordinate girlfriend," says twenty-four-year-old Robin Wright, who should not be subordinate to anyone. Wright, who played Bette's ex in Rick Riordan's *The Princess Bride*, can be seen doing a fair bit of lounging in Phil Joanou's forthcoming *Love of George*, an audacious film about Irish machos in New York's Hell's Kitchen. But Wright, who plays Sean Penn's love interest, also gets to strut her not-inconsiderable thespian stuff while the boys are out buying and peddling. Wright has a gently smiling, close-up beauty (reminiscent of Jessica Lange) and the lustrous hints of wisdom beneath the close-scrubbed Teen-belle visage, her features so soft that any sane man would be foolish not to lay down his weapons pronto. ☐

After years of buying everything from the "Porsche of toasters" to the "Porsche of stereos," perhaps you're ready for the Porsche of cars.

There is a small group of individuals in the world for whom perfection is almost an obsession. Somewhere in the evolution of this group's vernacular, the name Porsche came to represent far more than sheetmetal. It became a benchmark.

For their part, these purists have used Porsche as an analogy for anything inimitable. For our part, we have continued to craft unique, exciting automobiles which make the analogy viable.

The new 944 S2 Cabriolet is a powerful basis for such comparison.

The 944 convertible continues a tradition of racebred, open-top cars. Professor Porsche's first car, an open roadster hand-built in 1948, won the first race it entered. Thus began the story.

The 944 chapter opened in 1981, when the car was created for the famous 24 hour race at LeMans. The new Cabriolet possesses the engineering that has since made the 944 victorious around the globe.

A transaxle design provides near-perfect 50-50 weight balance. Cornering is uncannily stable. Pressure-cast alloy wheels are mated to huge, 4-piston internally vented disc brakes with ABS. Suspension, steering, braking and drive systems are all carefully matched to work as one. Even tire tread is meticulously calculated. (Obsessive enough?)

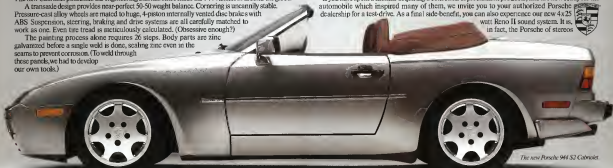
The painting process alone requires 26 steps. Body parts are zinc galvanized before a single weld is done, sealing zinc even in the seams to prevent corrosion. (To weld through these panels, we had to develop our own tools.)

So after nearly a decade of setting standards against which other sports cars are measured, about the only way left to make the 944 more fun was to take the top off. Naturally, in typical Porsche fashion.

The thick, 4-layer top is hand-stitched, then hand-assembled. For a precise fit on each individual car. The Porsche philosophy is that a convertible must truly be 4-season. A specially reinforced windshield sweeps air around the vehicle, creating an effect that has been described as "like being in the eye of a hurricane." An eerie calm, with a tempest swirling about you.

For those who measure value strictly in terms of exclusivity, we offer this thought: just over 1,600 of these 1990 Cabriolets will be made available in the U.S. Or, to put it another way, fewer than 140 per month for the entire country.

If you have spent a lifetime acquiring a collection of preeminent products, and are now ready for the automobile which inspired many of them, we invite you to your authorized Porsche dealership for a test-drive. As a final side-benefit, you can also experience our new 4x25 watt Reno II sound system. It is, in fact, the Porsche of stereos.



The new Porsche 944 S2 Cabriolet.

MICHAEL JORDAN LEAPS THE GREAT DIVIDE

A noted novelist conjures

the man who escapes gravity,

making us rise above

our obsession with race

The old women told me she went to visit this old retired bullfighter who raised bulls for the ring. We had told him about this record that had been made by a black American musician, and he didn't believe that a foreigner, an American—and especially a black American—could make such a record. He sat there and listened to it. After it was finished, he rose from his chair and put on his bullfighting equipment and outfit, went out and fought one of his bulls for the first time since he had retired, and killed the bull. When she asked him why he had done it, he said he had been inspired by the music that he put had to fight the bull—blades: *The Autobiography*.

When it's played the way it's supposed to be played, basketball happens in the air, the game air, flying, floating, elevated above the floor, leavering the way oppressed peoples of this earth imagine themselves in their dreams, as I do in my lifting fantasies of escape and power, finally, at last, once and for all, free! For glimpses of this ideal future game we should thank, among others, Elgin Baylor.

BY JOHN EDGAR WIDEMAN





AS WE REFINED the combat zone of



CHUCKLE OF FORTITUDE When Warlock takes it to the rack, the rest of the league takes it to Michael.

game is essential. But really, as we envision scoring and swooping, extending, rolling the court list time of basketball into a fourth, outer, other dimension, the dreamy scene of flight without wings, of going up and not coming down till we're good and ready, that's Michael Jordan we must recognize as the truest prophet of what might be possible.

Crossed Horowitz, David Thompson, Haskett, Kinsman, and of course, Julius Irving, Dr. J. Some vintage Larry Bird for reminding us how close a man can come to a perfect gravity-free game and still keep his head, his feet firmly planted on terra firma.

Dr. J. and Magic Johnson for confounding basketball, inspiring new sport, posing lanes, hot-break and break down a lanes neither above the court nor merely on it, but somehow whirling and expanding simultaneously the intensity in which the

calls them, a disguised judgmental swipe in his voice, which would have been a million times greater, pointing out the lesser Toney, Dinkie, asking me how tall is Michael Jordan. The other is basketball? Laughing at his memory of a photo of Magic Bird beside Muggsy Bogues. Claiming to have seen Michael Jordan at Shiner, a West Side club last on Wednesday, the night of Game Four after the Bulls beat Detroit last spring in even the best of seven NBA championship semifinal or two games apiece. Yes, with two other fellows. Tell him him. Lots of people asking him to sign his name. Autographs, you know. A slightly chapped, paternal, Middle Eastern-looking, twisted together as the two and a half years he's resided in the States. "I came here to protest. My family sent me three thousand dollars a year, and I could have spent more, paying my bills, drove a car. Then I had news at home. Dad's work much less in dollars. Four people, all of them, must work a month to earn one thousand dollars. No school now. I must work now. American wife and new baby, ma."

The dream's from Jordan, but the joke doesn't strike me and I'm stumbling out the club in front of Chicago Stadium, joining the country. Appearing in the same column, just above JORDAN, MICHAEL, in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*, where I researched Michael Jordan's cause. Usually more news in each volume under JORDAN, success, than any other JORDAN.

The other passenger sharing a cab from O'Hare to downtown Chicago is a young German from Hamburg, in the city with about one hundred thousand fellow citizens known for the *Conscience*

basketball into a fourth dimension, we

A GREAT ARTIST transforms our world, removes scales from our eyes, plays from our past, glows from our fingertips, teaches us to perceive reality differently. Prince said of his contemporary and contemporary, the late rock musician Augustus Brown. "Before Prince passed there were no Prince women in Paris, now you see them everywhere." Tim Winters, a serious Chicago Bulls coach, a traditionalist who came up preaching the conventional wisdom that only up to the highest percentage shot, copies Michael Jordan's dunks, but, says MJ, "Every time I make one, he says, 'So whatever happened to the simple lay-up?'" I don't know, Tim, that is how I've been playing my whole career. "You know, that stuff here and that stuff here like hands are talking, crawling, sliding as imaginary ball is like a lay up to me. You know I've been doing that and that's the creativity of the game now. But it doesn't hit me... and he says, 'Well, why don't you show the kid?'" I say I never have. The defense stops many of my shots, so I create. I've always been able to create in those situations, and I guess that's like Alvin Karpis. I have, that's just natural to me. And even though it may not be the traditional game that Americans have been taught, it works for me. Why not?"

THE LARY IS GAUDY in Carmine Mignola, sky-blue, lime, white, orange and in the dress that billows between her tailored waist and butt lace. Somebody's grandmother, gift-wrapped and visible on Madison Avenue, considering through four lanes of traffic vanishing on Chicago Stadium. Our lot a party. Two direct eyes this is where they stand at night. Where women, his

Electronic Show. It's while he's calculating exchange rates to answer the dream's question about the time of a Mercedes in Germany that the lady remembers backward from the curb into the street, blocking steps of cars pulled up to a light. She remembers. Caravan. The quality dress of racy colors glows brighter, wider again, plays and becomes of striped canopy. Partially demolished or burnt out or abandoned workbench and anemometer line both sides of Madison. Interwoven between buildings are jiggled rigging, long white poles you'd leave your car overnight only if you had a serious grudge against it. I think of a month or more work deep, gaps where trees have fallen out. Compiling for the rush of building traffic, speed of shifts and bottom legs long over the walled traffic, shaking and jiving with anyone who'll pay attention. One looks at the window of our cab, sandwiched as, a hand toward sign tapping the windshield, begging us to park in his area, and the woman stepping our progress decides to attempt the curb again and instead of this one, where Mouse high boots firmly planted in she gives the hinting call a fluster of Technicolor behind and a high first-middle finger.

The woman's black, and so are most of the faces on Madison as we move toward the stadium in a tide of cars copying what faces Clever, still plenty of black faces mix into the crowd—redheads, scalpers, gaps in windows and alley ways now doing

John Edgar Wideman says in *All-boy basketball* player at the University of Pennsylvania. His most recent novel is *Philadelphia Fire* (Henry Holt & Co.).

see Jordan as the prophet of possibility.

"I'VE GOT something people want.

whenever they're on there doing, but when she calls stops and discusses me into a thin crowd of dark people who were a gang in, I can't possibly actually to see the much of whom who are

[illegible]

code should permit. The Lavabell, Chicago's arch-rioted version of the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders, shake that fine, sculpted booty to pump up the fans. Very basic here. Primal-scream time. The incredible upside enters your pores, your blood, your brain. Your arseless system becomes an extension of the overwhelming as each upon a 360-degree turn, you're ready for total war, trapeze formed, and a weapon poised to be unleashed upon the enemy.

From my standpoint, more is being done, depth perception is all. The game is played on a flat, two-dimensional screen. Under the apparatus, however, the players appear as they would crowded into the viewing end of a telescope.

Then, in the 160 meters to end this near goal, action explodes, a soccer fan's favorite bodies at your finger, now someone else's. Middle ground doesn't exist. You're surprised when a ref blows the whistle to indicate a three-point goal scored from beyond the twenty-three yard line. But your inability to gauge the distance of jump shots or measure the angle, while in possession, may be stop, or say by yardage, drizzle between their legs, behind the back, swimming, diving, shouldering, knowing this may appear, is compensated for by your power to watch the ball's movement, adjusting your mind to the flow of the play, the way the ball is kicked, the instants of contact when the ball is in the air or your end of the court and just about everything on both teams seems driven to converge into a space not larger than two telephone booths. Then it's grapple, grab, and great ugly fairy tale away. You can read the effort, the fear, the focus as a player

The ability to gain respect for my play.



THE LITWAKE CLASH
Elevating the schoolyard game in glorious brights and pastels, this is a

try to impart a little of my appreciation to the broad shoulders I grip. By just being out there, loving hard and often, by making love something—far more so, an African American man's rights, duty, and ability to own his man—by a word on it for a lot of great, thoughtless, black men, white, the true members of sexes and colors, some sure to go down carry us together. Thank you is what I always feel the need to say when I encounter the deep light of his smile.

Your town, man.
 Brother Wideman, what are you doing here?
 Writing about Michael Jordan.
 We don't get any farther. Somebody else needs a piece of him, a
 word, a touch from our Blacks zone, our Somebody

IN MOX HALL, S HOUSE the PA system is cranked to a screeching, ear-numbing pitch, many decibels higher than a human bark.

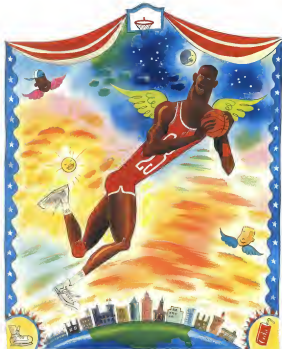
eyes. For a few seconds you're on the court, sweating, absorbing the impact, the crash of leg bodies into one another, wood backing under toes, someone's elbow in your ribs, shouts in your ear, the shaman, right, curses, hearing a language spoken here and nowhere else except when people are fighting or making love.

MS: What do I do about basketball? How can I be a good captain, I mean, I know when I want to win, and I know it's to the point that I've started to do things other, other people couldn't do. And I also thought I was a good leader, but I know, because of the requirements for Texas, I have to be the people, and I have the same thing, my friends, that I can't do. I can't do that, but I want to do it, and they can do it, I thought, you. They want you to do it, then they think that they can do it. I mean, they know it's something they can't do, and I know, I think, that's why they find good watching me. That drives me. I've seen it do something that you can't do.

And I have compassion. I've earned respect thanks to basketball. And I'm not here just to hand it to the next person. Day in and day out it's not people taking on that challenge, to show what I have earned. Joe Dumars, for one—I mean, I respect him, don't get me wrong. It's his job. I've got something that people want. The ability to pass respect for my basketball skills. And I don't even mind to give it away. Whenever the time comes when I'm not able to do that, then I'll pass back away from the game.

20 We've always been good credit for our athletic skill, our brains. You've been blessed with exceptional physical gifts, and all your masters of the game gets lost in the rush. But I believe you

And I don't ever want to give it away."





You can always have style and comfort custom-colored. But you might be interested to know you don't have to. There are off-the-rack suits that have had a craftsman's hands-on attention. The challenge is knowing where to look. • To start with, a hand-sewn suit is always made of the finest wool. The fabric is soft, yet sturdy and resilient. It breathes so you stay cool in the summer and warm in the winter. When properly tailored, it molds to your body like a favorite cardigan. • Through skilled handwork, structure and style are gradually worked into the fabric, creating a soft, graceful fit and a sturdy construction. A handmade suit is a thing of beauty because of the time it takes to put together, the number

THE HANDMADE'S TALE: HOW TO RECOGNIZE QUALITY IN A SUIT

of steps required, and the manner in which those steps are carried out. • To own one, you'll need about \$800 (thanks to the handwork, a heightened demand for choice fabrics, and the declining value of the dollar). But knowing what makes a suit worth the money won't cost you a thing. And you can bring that knowledge to any suit you buy.

146



IS IT SNAPELY?

Even in the early stages of its manufacture, a well-made suit is greatly shaped by hand and iron, rather than with severe steam from a machine press. This is where the garment begins to take on a human form; this step is essential to the fit, especially across the chest, lapels, and arms.



ARE THE EDGES SHARP?

All the edges on a fine suit are hand-stitched on both the fabric and the Dutch cloth. It's the strength of this touch that keeps the rest of the suit looking soft and natural rather than stiff and unyielding.



ARE THE MATERIALS REAL?

Natural horsehair comes, hand-sewn between the layers of fabric on the lapel and chest, and soft linings and interfacing elsewhere keep the suit supple and shapefully firm. Or, the alternative to this process is glue-fusing the layers.



ARE THE BUTTON- HOLES RIGHT?

A buttonhole
may be one of
the most subtle
features of a
garment, but it
can make a
big difference in
the way a garment
fits and feels.
Here, we explore
the history and
importance of
this often-overlooked
detail.



DOES IT HAVE MEMORY?

The first
buttonholes
were made
of leather, and
they were
used to hold
up the collar
of a garment.

Today, they
are made of
fabric, and they
are used to
hold up the
collar of a
garment.



IS IT ALL NATURAL?

The strength and resilience of silk or cotton thread, and that of the wool it will make the suit "alive" and able to conform to your body but also snap back into shape, especially at stress points.

IS THIS A SUIT?

It drapes, curves, rolls, and falls as it should. It takes a lot of work to make something that looks this easy. Suit by Martin Greenfield.

The L.L. Been Catalogue

Cremation urns that light up like robots! Video tributes to the departed! Airstream RVs, in somber shades, to transport mourners, flowers, and the Loved One himself to the burial! Evelyn Waugh's *Mr. Joyboy* would not be moved. In recent decades, the institutions of marriage and parenthood were "discovered" by baby boomers, with predictably revolutionary results.

A discriminating selection of new funeral items to get you where you're going in style • By Allison Engel and Margaret Engel



Now it's death's turn, and we're gentrifying the graveyard. Jessica Minkoff, the Federal Trade Commission, and the decline of religiosity all had a hand in deflating the pomp that typified the burial rite. But AIDS, responsible for the deaths of scores of young, aesthetically rebellious sorts, deserves most of the credit for the passing of the satin-tufted, orchid-scented tradition. It's no coincidence that San Francisco is the home of the Ghis Gallery, where sculptures, murals, and fashion designers show funeral crafts, and where a Lucasfilm producer recently staged a fantasy funeral. But Cemetery Master and The Perfect Arrangement, two software programs designed for funeral directors, are in use everywhere; computers churn out personalized memorial programs, obits, and sympathy letters, and even design casket "selection areas" (never "showrooms"). Computer-graphics systems now make headstone carving a snap, too. There's a funeral home in Florida that organizes cruises to the Bahamas to help mourners bounce back, and the heartland (well, Chicago) is home to the Cedar Park Cemetery and Funeral Home, one of the new breed of publicity-minded memorial enterprises. Some of the livelier events there include a tria-kilometer "Heaven Can Wait" run on the cemetery grounds, an ice-sculpture contest, an Easter egg hunt, and discounts based on the number of points scored by the Chicago Bulls. What's going down?

Allison Engel and Margerite Engel have written about the funeral industry for The Washington Post and Pacific News Service.

BACK IN THE BOX

Creations were made by California sculptor Al Healy feature crystal lights, moving parts, music, and sometimes even film: "These Who Live by the Sword" features an antique brandy bottle housed in an old liquor cabinet, in place of "the whiff of Am" when pulled to light. More modest innovation in urn design includes new shapes—chunk cubes and rectangles instead of the traditional vase or trophy-shaped urns—and new finishes, like a sleek-coat Chinese-lacquer model. The Santa Fe Urn Company offers its products in nine different models, including rock and mahogany, all in natural finish. Sculptor James Bull collects bottles on his worktable (jars, then hollows them out into urns. He also creates five-foot-tall marble mausoleums containing compartments that hold the cremated remains of several generations at a family. His design would seem to address a concern every man's now raging in the world of urns, the question of whether the traditional two-foot-tall-table-top size is in fact large enough to hold all the ash produced by an average adult. Superior International, a major urn company, recently upped the size of its product to three hundred cubic inches, which has left those of us not in the cremation business wondering what happened to all the urns that didn't fit the old size. Another funeral innovation solves the problem emphatically: "Scattering Gardens"—beauty settings where you can return cremated remains to Mother Nature. The concept, which started in Canada and moved south, is an alternative to illegal dumping, which takes place at sites you'd expect (Mount Vernon) and ones that you wouldn't (Disneyland).





THE LONG-GOODEYE

As the out-of-business and disposable reaches the \$40,000 mark, other means are being sought to fuel merriment, flowers, candles, and similar in one official trip to the cemetery. The Allstream Funeral Coach is now used in about fifty funeral homes nationwide, its leather

silver exterior camouflaged with black or navy paint. The coaches are equipped throughout and feature captain's chairs that rotate. Safety is another benefit: All of the cars trying to proceed in a stately way down a freeway has become a common cause of accidents—even fatal ones.

RODY BY FISHER

Three steps, the market-cooked trade looks to the state industry for implementation, keeping careful track of which car-pool culture Americans like best. "We have jointly reviewed with OSHA on what automobile preferences will be," says William Burck, vice-president of marketing for the Avenue Coach Company. Participating, for instance, is a recent addition to Avenue Automobile Line Coach, coffee fellow Cadillac's entry, says president Jim Penzance. "We have the same 'five-wheel drive' with a metal floor that eliminates when light hits it." Bolderoad Line has made one radical interior out of bit leather instead the interior of a Mercedes or a BMW. In the cockpit, a remnant of the old style, the coach interior has been a return to green, in shades of teal or hunter. The painted coupe arrived in giving way to the new color, which is a new kind of thing.



THIS WAS YOUR LIFE

Today's well-equipped funeral chapel needs a television and a VCR to ensure an even with The Tribute Program, a 15-minute replay of highlights of the deceased's life introduced last year by Metropolitan Music Service Corporation, a supplier of background music to funeral homes. The Tribute Program features highlights of the guest of honor that include in later scenes of moments, the mother, father, or any of hundreds of stock video images in the company's library. The family selects the background and chooses a place of music for the song track, and a question that appears at the end of the program, that of Margaret Falls and the Grand Canyon are popular, as are biblical quotations and names such as "My Way" and "We Don't Runway, We Runway." In addition to a religious and a secular and keepsake that can be displayed at home. The Tribute Program also fills out a display screen. "It's no substitute for a good old-fashioned eulogy, but it fills a need," says a spokesman. "It can give people something to gather around."

THE HORIZONTAL TOURIST

America's wonderful means many thousands of us will still an airport after death and be buried on that boarding pass. "All-Sea are realizing that this is a worthy part of their business," says Robert J. Brown, of Ocean Worldwide Shipping, the nation's largest transporter of bodies. There's an average of two and a half round-trip passengers accompanying each body. Airlines also charge a premium over regular cargo rates for human remains. And as to how funeral directors, some airlines offer them "insured shipper rates." Continental even allows the pilots to be followed by funeral directors for free airline tickets. 12



By
Terri
Minsky

capite the camp-counselor attire—tennis shoes, blue jeans rolled to a cuff—the schlumpy posture, the beards that seem rented from graduate students, there is something powerful, something omniscient—did we say godlike?—in the way Ed Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz go about their deliberations this afternoon. They are not, to be sure, Hollywood gods in the grand Cecil B. DeMille manner. They

are just two guys, two married, angst-ridden creatives who rather than *how* and *where* and *how* and *what*, just like you, only in bigger words. • As an afternoon shadow stretches their studio City office, they provide over the top of Hollywood confusion as they've packaged and sold it to millions of viewers on thirtysomething every Tuesday night for the past three years. Zwick and Herskovitz hold in their hands the destiny of seven people—a small universe made large by onetime—and now it is that time, that time, when they must decide who shall live and who shall die, who shall be happy and who shall go missing, who shall win rich and who shall be brought low. The burden? The burden? Surely Atlas did not carry so heavy a world upon his back. • On

the company screen, Herskovitz scrolls to a darkrooming episode with a particularly dark plot line that will forever change the nature of the show's extended family. Zwick shakes his head solemnly. "This brutality of fate," he intones.

THE UNBEARABLE HEAVINESS OF BEING

It's not easy playing God, but thirtysomething's Ed Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz make a pretty nice living at it

It's going to be, like, devastating and true." • It's a glowing moment! The room cracks at guilt, responsibility. Herskovitz looks appalled. "I worry that people will say, Oh, come on. These people will push it away and say, Oh, that's just industry." • "An opened to life being industry," Zwick cuts in. • Of course, being relevant on TV requires a bit of planning, and for these guys, at least, hours and hours of soul searching. Take the sad but customary case of Michael Strahan, the show's wiseman, avuncular photographer whose romantic feel-



Portrait of the architect of a new young man. "Marshall and Ed are like Strahan being joined at the hip," says Ron Giv.

Herskowitz
Herskowitz,
aka "the Pook,"
the quiet, he's
casual, and he
never met a man
he didn't like.

are are a couple of the terms

"I think Melissa should not feel happiness," says Herskowitz.

"Because she deserves it," allows Zwick.

"Because she deserves it," Herskowitz affirms. "The one least likely to be alone ends up alone."

"You're saying that what is honest and dignified is her continuing struggle and her pursuit of that in the face of her otherwise other worlds," says Zwick.

"Absolutely."

But Zwick is not so sure. Perhaps it is true that just Melissa a husband. He tells Herskowitz of a wedding he's just been to.

"I've never seen a more emotional moment. Not just among the two people getting married, but everyone who had stood in at those two people over so many years, to see them come together after that amount of time, having been out there on the farthest shores of misadventure. I mean, the reason of difference for someone who's been waiting for that love all time..."

"We would be giving a lot of people what they want," observes Herskowitz, his voice cautious.

"We would," Zwick says. "How do we feel about that?"

To give the people what they want—if only it were so simple.

As co-producers, they must consider the eyes, the ears, the taste.

Happy endings are the province of sitcoms, films,

teach, and indeed are the province of their

something. On the corporate scene, the

corner thinks with the indifference of fate.

To give people what they want—a husband for Melissa, recovery for the

cancer-stricken Nancy Weston,

peace of mind for the terminally ill

Michael Friedman—is for Zwick and Herskowitz to risk

the ultimate embarrassment: It

will make people aware of the

fact," says Herskowitz, "that this

is a television show."

WHEN THEY FIRST MET,

they couldn't stand each other.

They were twenty-three years

old, and they were from

school—you made movies,

not friends. Zwick was loud,

with a braying confidence.

He considered it endlessly

facing the vocabulary from

his native Detroit in En

glish at Harvard, dropping

names from his days among

the Rolling Stone, his sur

mer at *The New Republic*,

his travels through Europe on

a Rockefeller grant—"Yes, I

worked with Woody on that

project in France." He spoke at

word tremors, and on syllables

where one would do, his pronoun

more preceded by a shy little "um." He went to

be discussing, he discussed no one.

Herskowitz, on the other hand, was quiet, aloof,

he seemed to be sitting in perpetual judgment. He

was out, he knew, your standard opening scenes.

His goal was to make movies of medieval

types—the source theme of *Braveheart* had been a

struggle for all England. It was his opinion that

OF THE EARLY

days, Zwick says to Herskowitz: "I feared you too much to become your enemy, so I became your friend."

he was the favorite of his film-school teachers, the star of his class, and Zwick was, oh, who knows, maybe second.

They played each other right off, which wasn't hard, in spite of the pronounced difference in their personalities; they looked remarkably alike. They did not speak, but circled each other warily, making

two competitors, like boxers doing. Show me your stuff.

One day in discussing class, they were given an assignment. Remember

about an object but no special meaning for you. Herskowitz brought in

his grandfather's woodworking rule. Zwick brought in his

grandfather's pocket watch. After class, the two of them sat

on a bench and talked about their grandfathers. It

was their first conversation. Looking back on

those early hostile days, Zwick says to Herskowitz, quoting, as in his book, a play

written for this cast, August Strindberg: "I

loved you too much to become your enemy, so I became your friend."

They have been friends now for fifteen

years and partners for eight. "We work

and what is this business is probably the

most difficult thing," says Zwick, "which

is a variable case of accident." Immediately

upon graduating from film school,

he came around—within a year he was

the producer of *Family* and went on to

direct a television movie, *Paper*

Dolls—while Herskowitz made the work

writing assignments from *The White*

Shadow and *Stone* under for *Screen*

Brothers. Herskowitz's only directing

job in a decade was an episode of *Family*

given to him by Zwick. Nevertheless,

which was doing what he really

wanted, which was making feature

films. The two of them collaborated

on a thriller song. With it, they were

able to sell themselves in a room for the

first time, to do a television movie together

called *Special Bulletin*, about a news broadcast

during a nuclear disaster. It was their first

second project was their partnership, destined to

become a cultural artifact of their generation.

At first, they didn't want to do a television show.

The two of them have been known to direct

Kurosawa movies some by some, it was never their

intention to devote so much time and energy to an

inferior medium. Zwick had already done his first

feature, *About Last Night*, and had a commene

ment from *Enigma* made another. But having signed

a development deal with MGM, they were under ob

ligation to try to sell a series in a network. The two

Ed Zwick, aka
"the Terminator"
He's tough, he's
ruthless, and he's
big on metaphysics.
Herskowitz should see



of them came up with a few ideas, none of which they really liked, which was fine, since they really didn't want to tell one way. Then they thought, What if we do tell one, and we have to do it, and then we're possible? We should at least have one idea that we like.

The day before the meeting, Hershkovitz said, "We could do something about our power suit."

Zwick was ready to dismiss it. "Well, what does that mean?" "I don't know," said Hershkovitz. "Let's talk about what our life is like."

AT FIRST IF JOHN Y SEEM like much of an idea—what would be the point of an eye code? Just showing how people get through the day? Then just showing how people get through the day—why not? Let's submit the point (one of Zwick's favorite female ones), since the line between reality and television is so thin the perfect idea—they could go to work, passion, but no network concerns would ever arise. What else would they? They'd have all their friends, everyone would make a little money, it would never work, and they could fulfill their contract by making TV movies.

The process of creation began with a sense that Zwick and Hershkovitz wrote to themselves.

"What the hell is this show about anyway?"

"It's about owning up to the realities of life, about confronting a pill as fate, not necessarily the compromise of principles, but rather the recognition that many of our passions of the heart were selfishnesses that can't be lived in the world. You want to have a baby, but you want to have a job, you want to be first, but you want to settle down, you don't want a lot of responsibilities, but you want a lot of money, you want to be honest, but you don't want to be hurtled, you want to be kind, but you want what you want."

They created Michael Straka: "The guy you would put in a second grade as class representative, but he's like a 100-year-old. He's got a good looking and he's in his twenties, by then it was too late to go back to high school and run again."

And Elliot Wexler, his best friend and business partner. "They complement each other. Michael wants to grow up, whereas Elliot doesn't want to grow up. Elliot's all about the luxury life, the life of the party, but he's got a lot of power and power things funny."

It has always been assumed that Zwick

and Hershkovitz somehow equal Michael and Elliot. It's true, but it's not—both are Michael and both are Elliot, and both, for that matter, are Gary Shephard, whose original description went: "He'll never sleep with an undergarment—more than three times a year, and really never during finals." It sounds to reason that Hershkovitz, son of a church,

THEY'RE A BOYS' club with two members. It's that masculine kind of ass-pulling, sweaty-locker-room crap."

and Zwick, brother of me, might even regard Michael as their guy, Elliot as their all. (Gary as their idealized disapproval.) A whole TV show just to chronicle the evolution of their perches. And they get just to run out their own own weekly lives. Last season, however, there had been so much personal growth that Michael, Elliot, and Gary were in danger of simultaneously developing into different fathers and mothers, except for one: the same, that midlife change. At least one of them has to be laid, so that Zwick and Hershkovitz can get over to their desk, all dramatic selves, the idea that chest and he and Henry. "It's the unspoken aspect that is the truth of every man," says Zwick. Hershkovitz adds, "Everybody has a part of themselves, in one particular part, and you can never promise to think that they are safe." They call this the Third Man. She is the cause of their partnership that between them, they need only one desk side.

EARLY IN THE HISTORY of the show, the actors Michael and Elliot the Rebels and the Testosterone, a description that says Zwick, the Rebels. He says they lay the signs of Hershkovitz in a calm, relaxed presence, and hand it to a busy business over on the verge of contemplation. "I'd just get right in there, and what's on his mind. And then he starts to lay it down, but he doesn't realize you're just lying on the floor," says Kate Gill, who plays Michael's mother. When Zwick is in his office, Jeanne Marie Monaghan, the things below who plays Gary Shephard, tells him about the Rebels, he believes.

"C'mon, Peter, it's just too simple. You've heard Marshall's stories of life." "He's learning in serious, that's true," agrees Hershkovitz. "But he's learning that he's not."

Zwick seems lost. "You really don't do it?"

"Eh? God, think of Marshall or that person." Hershkovitz points to the director of a photograph of the men accepting in Emmy. It shows Hershkovitz, strap-shoulder, with a sky under. "He looks like he's a good friend. I mean, tell me that's a woman."

When Hershkovitz was showing the other photograph, Zwick second-guessed every move he made. It got to that they were barely speaking, except to pull at each other. But whenever one came across the show for the industry, the two sat together in the back of the room to concentrate on the audience's reaction. Only then, says Hershkovitz, did Zwick turn to him and say, "I guess you really did do a good job"—an understatement given that Hershkovitz ultimately won the Directors Guild of America award.

But Zwick does not remember saying once that.

Perhaps Zwick's most evident bond of confidence is a kind of unconsciousness, a tactic that he calls "going limp." When ABC, having seen the first footage from the pilot of the show, called to complain that it was too dark—both in content and lighting—Zwick's reaction was, "I'm not. I'm sorry, that's the way we were always intending to do it. But if this isn't what you just want, that's fine. Let's just cut it right here." Likewise, he did not protest when the network, fearing an advertiser's puller, decided that some scenes had to remain as episodes that show two gay men engaging in a physical pillow talk. (However, the *Topper* does promise that the season will deal with two by now likely to bring ABC "much greater economic hardship.")

They're thirty-eight now, and their personalities, even their appearances, seem to be converging, like married couples, says Zwick. "In people and their past." Hershkovitz can say the more who grew a beard here. Their audience, too, says demand in the same raucous language. Together, they discuss the same topics and the same things that are as much as much.

Hershkovitz: "When we want people being good in doing good—helping people against themselves together."

Zwick: "For sure, it would be the top-down or subversion of these aggressive impulses."

Hershkovitz: "Exactly. Right, right. But to address that in an episode, I think we have to look something small."

(Continued on page 12)

Barry Manley's last year for *Esquire* was "Gary Marshall Is Asking for It" (March)



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Esquire's
ninth annual
selection



By
John
Mariani

CHEERS!

The Best
New Restaurants
of 1990



PIZZA
1982

PANINI
100 Park Street
617 552 1134

Of all the great pizza chefs of New England, none is more pervasive of that region's culinary identity than Joseph White, who commands a good reputation among his colleagues. He is one of the founders of a modern New England cookery, and his food seems to gather all the fine, or shown in signature dishes like pan-seared lobster with chervil and chives, pork chops with diana and garlic sauce, and breaded-liver pudding with cranberries. He is an original talent and one to be cherished by anyone who loves good eating.

ATLANTA

CHOP
10 West Peachtree Street
404 253 2074

Chops—a name as efficiently fortunate as James's for old-time Atlanta's most prolific restaurant—has recently replaced new restaurants. It is a place of such focused fidelity to its prescribed purpose—to serve the best steaks, chops, and seafood in the South—that it's hard to believe it hasn't been around ever for decades.

The renowned under-remunerated by Francis Kuroki, a respectable and the masculine traditions of steak-house dining, but the seductive play of shadow and light off the chop and cutlery has and the roomy booths, as in the most perfect way, would be happy to make one. Service is brisk, with a cool American atmosphere, and the owners have carefully selected the menu to deliver the finest possible product, culled from an extensive list of lobster, steak, and a massive meat menu.

Began with a rich, red-brown black bean soup or plump, sautéed devil's club, then rack into a memberman's veal chop, triple cut lamb chops, or a twenty ounce New York strip steak. Accompaniments like sautéed potatoes and mushrooms are first rate, save for the hash browns and a pyrotechnic steak sauce you'd best leave off your plate. Generously proportioned desserts like the most sugary tart, the dark chocolate cake with coffee-bean sauce, and the spectacular Olive chocolate cream pie with chocolate-laced cream will end things very nicely indeed.

VENI VIDI VIXI
11 Peachtree Street
404 574 4422

Co-sweet Janet Colgan must have named this restaurant, now renamed after Julia Child's famous sign of relief because, having come to Atlanta,

with a gaping hole in the culinary scene, you, and several other notable chefs, she was justified in proclaiming victory over every other Italian restaurant in the city. She might well have been content by making NYV only marginally better than its competitors, instead, she created one of the world's most novel Italian cooking schools, Marcella Hazan, and driving the menu. Although Hazan is not the contemporary chef, her recipe is evident in every dish, and more she's not a woman who would take herself lightly, she checks in regularly with her own menu so to make sure the kitchen hasn't moved off into the path of commercialism.

New York Veni is located in the shadow of the striking new IBM building, and, with its arched ceilings, minimalist bar area, handsome open kitchen, widely



spaced tables, and display of food on the bar, can make even the most elaborate supper menu, NYV serves up Italian style in a down good food. The staff is well trained and can pronounce most of the items on the menu, the wine list is very good, and the cooking is solid, starting with a generous selection of toppings. Portions are all substantial—meats with sauce and bread, pepperoni with cheese, and more meat, and because of the house, in service but a one of wine choices. The best service is regional special wine, like brown pork from Bologna, chicken in cream sauce with

Rossini, and a generous plate of meat of Venetian seafood. The prices are unreasonably high, especially the chocolate and lemon sorbetto and the house cream made with crushed macaroons.

PANINI
100 Park Street
617 552 1134

Panini was an incredible happening in a city that has long deserved a restaurant of this style. Modeled after New York's Tavern on the Green, the very fine thousand square foot dining room is adjacent to a twenty-year old granite golf clubhouse in Madison Park. With the courtyard in back, Park side appeals both to those who want to spend their whole lives in the city, and to those who want to spend their whole lives in the country, and in those

haggling for something closer to the image of their city at the most sophisticated in the South. Great Richmond Smith, who began his food career back in 1965 selling his dogs in Underwood, Atlanta, has a winner here. The buttercup yellow walls and deep-sea blue wood, warm, warm right down to the chairs, are fine complements to the soft, warm and blue-blended gardeners who, here, in style, make for quite a relaxing atmosphere. The only off notes are

John Moulton is *Atlanta's* food and travel correspondent.

THE CALL





New York
7704
MAXINE
844 Tremont Street
Brooklyn, New York
718 734 7100

I there is a true French restaurant in the U.S., then Maxine's, I have not found it, for here, in a hotel in the east about fifty miles from Manhattan, Maxine and Eugénie Elvira have set standards of excellence that would be hard to replicate in France. The beautifully appointed room, the fine service staff, and Maxine's gleaming mix of French classics are rewarded by foodstuffs. No one does better fish here, and his assortment of seafoods is even more his passion. Fruit cocktail are to be found in examples of a profound talent for the same business.



ing combi-players here. This is delicately seasoned food, some classic, some English-inspired. And some dishes, like sautéed lobster with Guinness green milk, are more cerebral than delicious. The small rooms, just off the bar (don't miss the margaritas), is painted in bright colors of yellow and coral blue, with an oddly placed neon ballerina down the center, and an open kitchen in the rear. The restaurant is prepared, but not as luxurious as the Grill next door. Tapas-style is a restaurant that should change the way you look at and appreciate Mexican food in this country.

BIG CITY CHINESE
A M-H-Q
420 East Main Street
410 284 1200

Had George S. Knoll ever been to Bob City, he'd look at the B-Q as a waste of time. He might even have said, "There is what close Saturday night." Bob City is a business and up of a remarkable southern restaurant, starting with the great neighborhood it's in. The place is a host, and everybody in Chicago gets the joke, which is why Bob City is a weekly event every night at O'Hare in a big. Everything—the garage doors, the auto seats, the cozy plywood walls decorated with styled business cards, the

chicken were and several kinds, the country music music, and a thousand other details—has been carefully cobbled together to make the colorful story look as if it's been here since 1915. What's more, the food is, by and large, as good as you'll find in these crab and barbecue shops in the Gulf, thanks to Louisiana here: chef Ralph Pastera's impact for his own culinary heritage. This means the crab, chicken, seafood, shrimp, "pork 'n' back" shrimp, and local pudding are all served only as a theme and not cooking. Even the Jell-O shooters spiked with green alcohol will give you a life.

There are fish in the pool at Bob's, serving in the kitchen, some food comes out cold, and the fried chicken tastes as if it had been left in a plastic bag for all morning (which, I'm told, is by design). But after an hour or a meal, a couple of firsts here, and a glass of wine out of the, you'll remember some of your original locations and just need in the big, lively lounge.

HOSPITAL

CAR ANNIE
1720 Paul Robeson Blvd
713 243 5311

I'll tell the media I'm for Cheers! this year, I think the most completely successful, from the first batch of black-

beer served to the last round of vodka chocolate with passion fruit, was at the new Cafe Anne in Boston, there was a wild mushroom quesadilla with smoked chili sauce, succulent soft-shell crab with vodka, seared scallop with ginger dressing, shrimp pulled apart with molasses and butter. During with cream pasta, corn bread, roasted soup with a red ring of Ferraro cheese, slices of beef with New Mexico red chiles and sautéed garlic cream, and chowder like only with roasted tomato cream. Every dish was exciting, the variety of chili flavors made grandly incorporated, and every bite made me hungry for the next. Most impressive, every dish was truly and convincingly American in flavor and concept, which is what makes Bob's in Del Grande the best example of Southeast cuisine in Texas, and far less common and is



Cafe Anne's quail quail in molasses and butter.

was, one of the most important chefs in America. Del Grande's original Cafe Anne (now Cafe Grill), introduced passionate the New American Cuisine movement. Now, with a much larger, more elegant space, he is showing more grace and depth and vigor. Having secured his staff in the summer's Economic Summit in Houston, Del Grande and his wife, Mimi, have become quite the town of Houston. My guess is that Del Grande is now often out on the celebrity-chef circuit to serve meals as given as in the one he served me, and my hope is that he will not be behind the bars and instead the



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IS THAT IT PUTS THE
IMPORTANCE OF
BEING FASHIONABLE
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UNCOMPROMISING
BEEFEATER
LONDON DRY GIN

restaurant in town holds in the Texas restaurant scene. Café Amato is in its glory right now. Long may it reign.

CITIZEN GRILL

2000 Westheimer
713-763-3366

Those who remember the old Café Amato will not be much startled by the subtle changes wrought in the décor by Harry Glin and Bruce Molloy at Café Grill. The same openess and contemporary feel marked that remodeling. Houston restaurant (now renamed to larger quarters, see above) have been only barely modified with a mold of solid contemporary and regions of polished, black and white tile floors, and red and blue leather banquettes. But Chef has imbued a modern, more chic is closer in feeling to his new direction than it is to the Brasserie, by occasionally applying his classic training to some novel ideas about the way people like to eat in Houston right now.

Then you can find a place of very American food: moon eggs and and such in company

hard, or grilled lamb tenderloin with figs, garlic, juice, and black-bean salsa. Glin's cooked, highly finished salmon en croûte is more in a rubane dish. Café Grill is such an engaging place that it can't help but get Houston back up to speed in Texas's first top five restaurant.

LOS ANGELES

NAME
1141 Third Street
Permanente
Santa Monica
310-458-8334

The proliferation of Italian restaurants in L.A. has been an interesting, though many from our before their first birth days. Rome, on the other hand, looks as if it's here for the long haul, due not only to the simple but substantial Viennese food and the railway crowd, but to the recent lack of presence in the upper-portion. Adam Tabor's use of creamy, creamy lighting, the pinkish colors of his new Italian glass, a broad of things to buy, and the overall good-better's (and some) being on the whole. You can't exactly

anticipate great the same to it, for it gets a lot more when full, but that is not a place you want. It's like an MTV bar or to be sure with My Strife's bar and girlfriends. You go expecting some food with friends somewhere, you, and then you're told that everyone is around with the same country.

NEW YORK

It's the name the original Rome was a well-known restaurant on New York's East Side, now newly relocated in much grander quarters on New York's West Side, and everything it was used to say those the last goes for back the New

The Jail-0
shooters spiked
with grain
alcohol will give
you a lift.



York and Santa Monica openings. Franchises America's 11 menus reproduce the flavor of Venice with remarkable accuracy, so the black smoke with red velvet is equal to the peridians in Henry's Bar, the good espresso is a rapid vibration on the tongue, the roasted red sausage is unapologetically infused with onions, oranges, and vinegar, and the lightish and delicious and soft outside is a pasta with a great past and flavor. Diners are in luck, and the selection of wines and proper in dining. Items will not fail to win you over.

BROADWAY BELLS

1401 Third Street
Permanente
Santa Monica
310-458-8334

If you love wine to red it just won't make sense in L.A. they just make it the Broadway

Grill—the apartment of the game, most of it isn't on the Great White Way. Michele Richard, whose Café was the one to tell about restaurants to open in this city since 1995, has, with chef David Chiklis and partners, named his restaurant to be an ongoing question of why L.A. with its enormous population of transplanted New York Jews, has never had a first-rate deli. But it is in response to the enormous Mr. Richard decided to open a new entry to the world's deli with the same respect he would a French-Italian classic like croissants or chocolate, thereby taking such items as apple pie soup, locusts, and meat loaf with melted potatoes to new heights. The more astounding, Franchiser will have with plus one on making the relationship good partner and needed sales on street with cheap country foods. The heated and honeyed meat chicken is seasonal, the first colder meat, and the new duckling with corned sausage will make you sing. (The lamb shanks, on the other hand, are overpowered by garlic, and the chicken is completely gone.)

The big open dining room is



NATION PREPARES FOR LEANER TIMES

The Shrimpest Size

BELOW 10% 12 percent 12 percent 12 percent	10-20% 12 percent 12 percent 12 percent	20-30% 12 percent 12 percent 12 percent	30-40% 12 percent 12 percent 12 percent	40-50% 12 percent 12 percent 12 percent	50-60% 12 percent 12 percent 12 percent
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INFLATION AND THE RISK OF A SLASH IN THE PRICE OF SHRIMP

There are many reasons why the price of shrimp has risen so much in the last few years. One of the most important is the fact that the price of oil has risen so much. This has led to a sharp increase in the price of fuel for ships, which in turn has led to a sharp increase in the price of shipping shrimp. Another reason is the fact that the price of feed for shrimp has risen so much. This has led to a sharp increase in the price of feed for shrimp, which in turn has led to a sharp increase in the price of shrimp. Finally, the price of shrimp has risen so much because of the fact that the demand for shrimp has risen so much. This has led to a sharp increase in the price of shrimp, which in turn has led to a sharp increase in the price of shrimp.

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Beef.

Red head for real people

Shrimp is a popular seafood dish that is enjoyed by many people. It is a good source of protein and is low in fat. Shrimp is also a good source of vitamins and minerals. Shrimp is a versatile ingredient that can be used in a variety of dishes. Shrimp can be cooked in many different ways, including grilling, broiling, and sautéing. Shrimp is a healthy and delicious food that is worth trying.

Shrimp is a popular seafood dish that is enjoyed by many people. It is a good source of protein and is low in fat. Shrimp is also a good source of vitamins and minerals. Shrimp is a versatile ingredient that can be used in a variety of dishes. Shrimp can be cooked in many different ways, including grilling, broiling, and sautéing. Shrimp is a healthy and delicious food that is worth trying.

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Very impressive.



Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH™

HOW TO CHOOSE
A SCOTCH TO IMPRESS
YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW.

You actually like your father-in-law.

When you come over, he's pleased to see you, and not just because you've brought his daughter. He's interested in your work, your garden, even your opinion. He shows you his latest project and solicits your advice (although he ignores it later).

And he pours you a nice glass of Scotch without waiting for you to ask. He brand? Ballantine's Finest. A sophisticated blend of 42 superb single malt Scotch whiskies and the most popular Scotch in Europe.

A real gentleman, your father-in-law.

So the next time you visit, make the right impression by employing the Golden Rule. Along with his daughter, bring home a bottle of Ballantine's Finest.

When you touch glasses, murmuring an appreciative toast, savor the moment contemplating the woman whose life you share. Then lift the golden spirit—and drink in the smooth, mellow flavor with a hint of peat and a breath of smoke.

You'll both be glad that you turned into the clan.

Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH™

HOW TO CHOOSE
A SCOTCH TO IMPRESS
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42
SINGLE MALT

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Kenzie Cole, Manager
1992
**THE AMERICAN
RESTAURANT**
Twenty-Fifth and Grand
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The rebirth of the American Restaurant is cause for rejoicing, if only because this graceful room was one of the most beautiful in the country, and is available for New American Cuisine. The room has been gracefully modified but has been kept faithful to its original grandeur. The new chef, Eric Held, has devised a menu somewhat lighter but no less beautiful than before. In dishes like peppered duck with black-fig vinaigrette, crab cake with smoked tomato-dipetto sauce, lobster of pheasant with morels, and an array of very good American desserts.

Cheers!

always looking, and in women here, black-and-silver shoes makes this one of the most uplifting spots to sit at any time of the day, made more so by a sense of white-shoed women and waitresses who truly seem to enjoy their job. They don't take reservations, but the line moves quickly, and half the fun here is people-watching, which in L.A. always means staring at you're in a rush, pick up one of the great ribs not seen available here in problems.

ISMAÑA
1992 David Ruddy
212-547-0800



ISMAÑA'S

at the start by a long open bar on, while gregarious copper hair runs under the line. Exposed pipes and art deco glass bricks, modern artwork full of nerves and gears, and a lounge wall sculpted whimsically depicting the panorama of L.A. combine to create what Lennell calls "moodboard of desire, and the whole place just clicks.

MIAMI BEACH

JOHNNY'S
410 Lincoln Road
305-334-3300

The historic restaurant in Miami Beach this year ran anywhere near the beach, yet it has edged the glowering strand of the young and the restless restaurant along Ocean Boulevard by offering what none of these others—good food and uncompromising sincerity. In fact, Johnny's has helped bring the Lincoln Road neighborhood back to life, and has also added the members of the Miami City Club, once dead, as well as the region's art and sports figures.

Owner Johnny Carbone is so famous about the food as he is about his customers' welfare, and you'll find quite the regular visitors in state of being at the end, pink colored along some, and the atmosphere of Caribbean flair. Beginning with

the brand, everything here is made with real wine—freshly made soups with local, corn, and cream, delicately baked yellowtail with mango and thyme, excellent rack of lamb in a sherry-braised sauce, and a truly sumptuous chocolate. Oddly enough, given the family name, Johnny's guests are the least impressive diners on the menu, though I recommend the menu language with grilled fish and yellow pepper.

The crowd really makes this place come alive, with fans and silk pro-dominant on some luxurious faded beds, beginning with that of Johnny's next row, Jesse, whose sexy outfits set the style here and whose ingenious wit makes you feel as if you're arrived just at the last party in Miami is about to kick one-third gone.

MILWAUKEE

SANFORD
1201 North Jackson Street
414-276-6600

Living above the shop might be an odd thing for a second- or third-generation American, but concerned children often soon take with the idea. For Sanford D'Amico, who grew up in the quiet back building that once housed his family's restaurant, living above the shop



PART OF THE ART

Frangelico
liqueur
the original hazelnut liqueur from Italy

Cheers!



New York
1989

RAVENS

425 East Fifty-seventh
Street
212-335-1000

S modern French looks like it's become easier to play and make like it's a future sing, if food has any role in such matters. Its delights in pleasing you if you eat like it do an easy, hearty French dish like the crêpe filled in tomato and served with golden potatoes, or a plate of bruschetta layered with white truffles, perhaps even adding pig-within-the-broth of eggs, and a magnificent avoird cake made of honeyed dumplings showered with coffee conies. Soave's is the closest thing to a true French restaurant you could ever wish for.

place that good taste opened earlier where the food was of far less consequence than an early sighting of Tom Cruise or a wear-up via cigarette with only initials for its name. To be Ca Grif, hoped scientifically for months before it opened, could easily have blown away the ambitious. Eighty-eight even if it served only loaves and spaghetti. On, for a partnership of Robert DeWitt, Christopher Wilson, Michael Rappaport, Stan Press, and Bill Murray issued a cream of coffee and a series of antiques at the spacious brick-walled dining room with its baronial fireplace has salvaged from the defunct Maxwell's Plaza. But what does good food mean in comparison of the moment in the new today of gourmet Dine Newport owner of the superb Mamarochet, near by) and chef Donald Proulx, who have fashioned this as a place where people like to eat as much as they want to life.

The moderately priced food is simple, elegant, and very good—lobster, partridge, small with greens and place, sometimes, rack of veal with whipped potatoes and squash and local salad. Proulx's glass does come with poppy and cream is required, his honey caramel rice pudding a delight. Arrived by every one of the phone, Newport manages to keep the show running with a remarkable gracefulness, so that, despite the crowds, you feel not that overwhelmed on a crowded. This is the hot spot in New York this year. It is supposed to be one of the best.

LA CITE
Fifty First Street and
Sixth Avenue
212-926-7199

Let La Cite be a lesson to those who would open a \$1-million restaurant during a recession. The place was conceived as a great leisurely site of Paris's La Coupole, and with the chef of Lipp, its owner had of kitchen conditions, decided the

place with exposure French cuisine, and even held "proulx" to get everything in sync. Yet when it opened last December, La Cite moved the food of its place that might just be a French menu based on the menu. The Lipp-style of "Choucroute" (sauerkraut), quite good, but no great shakes, especially when prices were higher than at other houses around town.

But a change of chef has turned the place into a different. Frederic Perret has modified the menu while adding his own



TEIGER DRILL

However, so that now the menu of fast food with heated broths in the open in the city, the Lipp-style menu of rich and hearty soups, the duck and low oil lamb with white beans a pretty pleasure, and the steak into a model of form. Perret can update classics with real stuff, as when he serves duck breast en brochette with tomato sauce and a bit of duck-cream lid, or serves his scallops with red potatoes and tenderizes them between sheets of potatoes. Savage like a lobster flaring island, desserts are full not yet up to speed. The French country seems on a very low but perfectly complements the robust kind of food.

La Cite doesn't make the grade, and times are still rough in New York. But for solid French cuisine cooking served up with elegance and in re-

most persons, this is a prime choice in midtown Manhattan right now.

MARK'S
100 East Twenty-ninth Street
212-378-0344

Above the time Donald Trump realized he had a hole in his shirt, New Yorkers realized they really didn't need any more decor during those changing sixty-five bucks a head for food that could be found at half the

prices a while (few of new, less any ratings around town. But when chef Philippe Boulard turned up the gas at Mark's Restaurant in the elegant new Mark Hotel, serious gastronomy was reminded once again of the profession and expensive that comes only from working with famous masters like Joel Robuchon and Alain Ducasse, with whom he trained. The extraordinary nature and flavor of dishes like veal smoked salmon on crisp potato bread, a sauté of duck with parsley oil and lemon cream, potatoes with duck confit, red modulation with red pepper sauce and white eggs, and braised duck with beautiful mushrooms, a great pudding, and Boudier's Japanese American wife, Susan, delivers desserts to match: custards and blueberry crisp, lemon mousse with pistachio meringue, and liver soap

Mark's Hotel

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flamboyant, with long, wavy hair. Rindler's light-skinned Israeli menu pointers in a dark crown that would be better off being a towel at their desks, and finally, the bed linen of his night stand.

The room has a double bed, but it's overly malodorous and has a headboard that seems out of touch with the kind of atmosphere people look for these days. But for Rindler's food, I'd happily dine at a dungeon.

ORLANDO

CHRISMAN'S PLACE
2410 W. PALM BL.
Beverlywood
305/393-3932

Dress the girls and the boys here, Orlando has few restaurants that rise above convention—and the cases of can restlessness—much as such loyalty and infidelity makes Chrisman's, a family restaurant in two senses. First, you could happily take your family here to eat comfortably in the casual dining room with its blue-tinted open kitchen and its country-fair rustic, second, it is run by the Chitman family—Barry, who

You can't see that the booth isn't really here what they do, and they also know when to leave well enough alone. As a result, the menu is as at best when it's sampling—little nibbles of empty food fish to eat you off, perfectly cooked rack of lamb served with its own pan, tender lamb something with just a hint of beef head butter, and a hefty wild chop with sausage links. I couldn't complain at all about the deliciously wrought melted mozzarella pizza, but the food line with jalapeño jelly was stretching it. Neither mainstream nor progressive, Chrisman's seems more past and style and has no concept I can only readily applaud.

PHILADELPHIA

JACK'S FINEBONE
2200 Fairmount Avenue
215/232-9885

In rehearsing to see young chefs working freely within their cuisine's food culture and still coming up with ideas that both rethink the classic and create brand-new dishes for others to learn from. You'll see exactly what I mean the moment you step through the door of Jack's Finebone, where Jack McDermid is doing the kind of food to many chefs spread in favor of some new coupling of Caribbean lumps and Papa Valley kale vegetables. McDermid is the real McCoy, right down to his overalls, and HAVE THE FART! game up, and I doubt that could ever exist. The man is passionate about his food, and the converted landmark first house, with its forty-eight-seat bar, dining area, and racquet Doubled hand, is an ideal showcase for McDermid's hands in and of southern cooking.

Order anything on the menu in order everything. You won't be disappointed by the black-eyed pea and hoppin' soup, the whole-ham sausage with pulled sweet-potato root, the smothered pork or potting cakes with



tape sauce, the crab cakes with lemon salad, the grilled trout with Georgia salsa, the salmon pot roasted in beer-broth, or the apple crisp with cinnamon-kissed cream. And that just scratches the surface of McDermid's repertoire. Even his nontraditional pizza to name points to fresh shrimp and tend you rethink, and his other creative sides, soups, and breads will make you wonder why you don't find this food on more menus. Ask McDermid for a sampling from his beer-broth and lemon. The man will open your eyes to a lot of things you never knew could be so good.

PROHIBIT

CHRISTOPHER'S
2200 West Lombard Road
304/557-2214

When I visited Christopher's Grand was new to me, the mystery of Prohibits had topped it off, so the kind of housing temperature in which you were to dine in a room and the food done in a formal French dining room as formal French food. An argument could be made that dishes like finger food with vegetables, confit of duck with ramps and lavender honey, and corned-onion apple tart are a bit heavy for Prohibits's climate, but there are other classic French dishes on the menu that appear as Christopher's that an serious diner could rave about. Christopher's also has a lighter weight menu available in it, but the real reason for coming here is to enjoy the scenery of the most formal dining room and to sample Grand's masterfully prepared menu.

Grand has been chef de cuisine to Prohibits's illustrious Vincent Gambino, whose remarkably generous in all the bar is there. But Grand, with his wife, Jean, has followed suit with his own, and Christopher's has given real class to Prohibits's dining room. Grand's menu is full of creative ideas like sea-bass soup with scallops and seared blossoms, squid with



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gravy you like a Florida Florida state, and her sons, Laron and Rindler, who cook the way I wished more young chefs would—with superb ingredients, no house-pose, and a whole lot of dishes not to their credit.

Cheers!



Washington, D.C.
1994

LE PAVILLON
3000 Connecticut
Avenue, N.W.
D.C. 20008

If you want to know why the French still cook better than anyone in the world, make reservations at Le Pavillon, a restaurant of such exceptional, from-the-ground-by owner Jean-Paul Pavillon in the highly personable and casual of Chef's husband, Yannick, long considered one of the best chefs in America. A simple response of one of his redneckers is mind-bogglingly flavorful: these a showcase of oysters, oyster's, and his technique of traffic and order make a meal a very special event. This is high-priced luxury, but you'll never forget the experience.

with sealers, and grates of steel with walnut sauce. No doubt the reputation of running two restaurants out of one kitchen lead to inconsistencies and mismanagement. Green and chef Bryan O'Connor bring off most of their menu with ease. As a consequence, the food is good, but the food prices are high, which include a lot of time to go with the food and even cost-cutting, as well as the ways of assessing the strengths and weakness of the restaurant.

SAN FRANCISCO

UNBIC
374 Elizabeth Street
415 402 1037

Nutrition has become a hot topic in the restaurant industry, who seem to come up with a name that only describes their food, but Unbic (which means "river" in Italian and refers to the restaurant's street address) has a great deal more identity than most restaurants in this vibrant city, where most chefs try to put everything from everywhere on the menu at once.

Owners Tim Dale and Donna Napolitano have chosen instead to focus their focus, focusing on the flavors of southern Italy. Sicily, and looking at simple but deliciously prepared dishes that quickly on the plate like tonight off the Lombardian. Unlike so many "interceptors" of Old World cooking, chef Napolitano and his partner, Napolitano, have and respect for their ingredients and the traditions of the region, resulting in transcendent compliments of sweet and salty flavors and soft and crunchy textures, as in the pasta sauce with olive, fresh meat with corned and onions and more, and chocolate with its sweetest crust. Fresh may be mixed with cream, corn, pungent porcini, and green olive oil, while chicken Venetian is pure and tender, served with organic-perfumed root potatoes. Pasta, too, is really looking, with a roasted



Discover the new
Jean-Paul with vegetables.

meat and a tomato-sauce sauce. A once stark, well-crafted menu has been softened by late state wars, so which brings fresh grapes and various other gains have been leveraged. Unbic is a good example of how an old but undervalued cuisine can suddenly seem the most exciting food in a modern city. It's a bit not to be lost on these chefs whose eyes outside their plates.

MONSIEUR
401 4th Street
415 402 1037

Of the two of the best Occidental restaurants in San Francisco are the work of Gerdien-Clara Moore's Barbara Trepp and new Monsieur's Bruce Cohn—both decided to off-



firing the kind of course you'd have to beg for in most Occidental restaurants. Both are also published authors: Moore's Occidental book, with Cohn's *Ginger Root to West and Asian* (recently recognized as one of the best in the field).

Cohn has some 100,000 copies of his book, a precursor with his book and pillars, mostly long-haired lamps, and a dining regularly of design. His food is mostly Bangkok style, along with a smattering of other Occidental. A lot of his food is a combination of taste and texture, because he works with the fine French (and ingredients—fresh herbs, no mushrooms or low grain served with sticky, dried black mustard greens, crisp Vietnamese spring rolls with coconut her and basil, shrimp and pork-mixed wonton topped with a vinegar sauce, no-washed duck served with lime milk, and ten whole duck wings style. And there's an impressive array of beef, more, and Oriental too. You should I can't say much for the Western style desserts, which are mediocre and very common.

In a city that prides itself on novel food ideas, Monsieur's, whose cuisine is common old, is

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To be cont'd...

the most exciting Christmas restaurants to open in years.

LAWN CREEK INN
237 Napaola Avenue
Larchmont, California
415/462-7744

Some of the most inspired restaurants in America are in the "burbs—La Trinitas (Whispering, Pleasant, Pleasant) (Gainesville, Texas), the Inn at Lodi (Washington, Washington), and now, the Lawn Creek Inn, in Larchmont, along Napaola Avenue across the Golden Gate Bridge. Here, in a sprawling landmark Victorian house that would fit nicely into Peabody's, chef/patrons Fred Ogden has booted his way personal style of cooking into menus that reflect the strengths of the new American cooking better than anyone else on the West Coast.

Ogden was born in Michigan and studied at the Culinary Institute of New York. His food has resonances at the American Restaurant in Kansas City (see page 10), then at San Francisco's Compagnie Place, and he has kept up his food passions for heavy food prepared with Yankee homestyle—a difficult balance to maintain in a restaurant this size, and to tell the truth, some dishes seem too quickly off the list for as long as long in the kitchen. But most of his food is so thoroughly enjoyable that you forget the occasional lapse. French are full of wheat and eye flavors. Chopped chicken lives on garlic more in robustly good, meat flavored with duck sausage in downright yummy, exotic as laws with black-eyed peas will make you smile from mole to mole, lamb chate with peppered quince based in a liqueur, and Ogden's mashed potatoes will make you purr like a cat. The best desserts are the buttery cookies and an apple crisp with lemon custard for cream.

It's hard to imagine anyone not being enthralled by the kind of food, which is why owners here are tough to come by (al-

though several tables are always left open for waiters). The place is just too beautiful, too idyllic, and too good even to have an empty table.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

I MATTO
1015 Eighteenth Street NW
202-462-8844

Back in 1954, Roberto Downs inaugurated Italian food in Washington when he and partner Kenneth Kenna opened the picturesque, quite swanky Grille, making much of having once turned away V.P. George Bush for lack of a table. Last December, Downs opened an even more picturesque, and much less expensive restaurant called I Matto ("the crazy"), where he could have more fun with more creative cooking. The two-story industrial building is restaurant-rich. Adriano Matto took all like a trade, filled with people who take Downs' advice on the day's menu. Watson not only can find and make authentic ingredients—just lovely satsumas, leeks, white oysters, olive-oil-glazed. This can be a very off nibbling on homemade breads and olive-oil-glazed breads, order one of the plates that come with, or, say, one a semi-weekly rich trout pasta with leeks and peppered with duck sausage in olive sauce. The best main courses are served or heated in a half-hour—enough of every one, omelette, and garlic. At the end of your meal, another can come by, making under the weight of desserts like meringue of cranberry and cream cheese, none of which you'll have room for.

The room is casual, with tiled floors, paper table mats, a snazzy bar manned by a beautiful woman, and an open kitchen that gives it all a cozy warmth. But it is Downs himself who makes the place with an exuberance that makes up for some eccentricities in the cooking, apparently aware to his much release and enjoyment Roberto Downs to be

Ogden's
mashed potatoes
will make
you purr like
a cat.



at two restaurants at once. But the food is always warm, and proud as you can eat here whenever you feel hungry.

DIAMOND RESTAURANT LTD.
1000 Riverfront Parkway NW
202-462-7544

Some where in all that Hong Kong and Taiwanese money going these days? Apparently into real estate in Chinatown in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Vancouver. Since Washington has no Chinatown, a Chinese restaurant group has dropped a good chunk of change into the appropriately named Diamond, one of the most lavishly, green like restaurants in the country, beginning with a majestic driveway that crosses the Crystal Garden and curved stone wall. There are lawns, a walkway as long as the Great Wall, and a number of private banquet rooms of a kind you'll find in the best Hong Kong hotels.

The menu goes on for twenty pages, showing each dish in glowing four-color, and the food is impressively presented in an easily set tables widely lighted from above. The kitchen makes few compromises with tradition at flavors, so some dishes, like fried rice cakes, are a bit white than you really find this side of the Atlantic. But every meal with shrimp set a good way to start, and the dim sum are delicious, abundant, and difficult to keep eating. Barbecued pork bones, better with black bean sauce, orange spaghetti, black pepper beef, chard soup with mushrooms—all are superb. There's not much in evidence elsewhere in Washington.

Diamond suggests the fancy of Chinese restaurants—elegance and not a little ostentatious combined with gracious and careful service—and I'm hopeful this parade a setback of the month, saving some America's maple syrup. It will go far to dispel the myth that the only good Chinese restaurant is a hole-in-the-wall one that you wouldn't otherwise walk on.



MARGARITAS WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS.

CORONA WHISKY MAKES IT



KILLER THREADS



Stephen Long has now worked audiences on the stage (*A Few Good Men*) and on the screen (*Last Exit to Brooklyn*). This December, Long will bring his menacing presence to *The Hard Way* as the Party Coach, a serial killer being sought by cops James Woods and Michael J. Fox.

He is wearing a brown double-breasted wool suit by Joseph Abboud. The jacket is full cut and the trousers are baggy and pleated. Tab-collar shirt, silk tie, and pocket square by Joseph Abboud.

At left: After a string of psychotic roles—in *Bad Boys*, *Always*, *Private*

—he's turned down some great roles, including

Twelve Monkeys. (Opposite page) Golden Globe winner

Anthony Hopkins in *The Silence of the Lambs*.

Photo: [illegible]

Photo: [illegible]

Photo: [illegible]

Photo: [illegible]

Photo: [illegible]

Photo: [illegible]

Photo: [illegible]

Photo: [illegible]



FOUR BAD GUYS IN FOUR GOOD SUITS



N

years' reputation for
"Mr. Clover." As the
cinematic mogul for
Columbia, he was
the one who put
Tyson in *Die Hard*. On
that day in 1988, Tyson
was in the office of
Columbia's president,
Robert Finkelstein.

There, Tyson is
wearing a double-
breasted suit by
Cavalli. He's looking
at the camera with
a slight smile. "I'm
in a double-breasted
suit by Cavalli," he
says. "I'm in a
double-breasted
suit by Cavalli."



A

man who wants to
tangle with Arnold
Schwarzenegger is
not very tough or
just plain foolish. But
that's what Richard
Tyson will do next
month as the drug-
dealing villain, Colton
Crip, in *Die Hard*.
In *Die Hard*, Tyson is
wearing a double-
breasted suit by
Cavalli. He's looking
at the camera with
a slight smile. "I'm
in a double-breasted
suit by Cavalli," he
says. "I'm in a
double-breasted
suit by Cavalli."

For more information
see page 228.

always
black. It's always
handmade. The
shaft is always
wood, as is the
handle, which
may be covered
with leather.
Aside from
the obvious
aesthetic value,
the good thing
about a good
umbrella is that
you're not likely
to be careless
about where you
leave it.

THE GOOD UMBRELLA

BY
JAMES
M. HARRIS
PHOTO
BY
JAMES
M. HARRIS



SERIOUS

Only a man
who had
everything
would be so
anxious to
give it all
up for more

CHAPTER

N E D

By
Reynolds
Price

I was thirty-one years old, with all my original teeth in place, most of my hair, and my best job yet—farmhouse sales on Oak Park Road, the rich-lady trade with occasional strays from the poor East End. Now that our girl Robie was married, Louise, my wife, had gone back to nursing at the country clinic. She worked the day shift, so that wasn't it, not my main reason, not loneliness. And by Lou's light, which are strong and fair, she was nothing less than a good woman my age who tried hard, wore true well, and hoped for more. • I wasn't too badly destroyed myself, according to her and the mirror I gazed. So I didn't crawl out, wrecked and hungry, to chase back tail on the cheap side of town. But honest to Christ I saw my chance after three and a



half of what suddenly felt like a carved decision that had stalled on a door I knew it or not—maybe her chance to phone my mom, which had spent so long planning anybody that was late to sit or that had two dollars for a solo dinner payment.

She came in the store one Saturday afternoon that spring, with her mother—a bevy woman and a tall girl. I thought I had a hazy notion of who they were, a low-cut family from up by the back wall, most of their women-eyed too much to cross. The mother had one of those flat, raw faces that look like it's been hit head-on with a board this many—none of which meant you'd want to deal with her, but had brighter arms and wrists.

Each of them stayed near the front door awhile, toting a rocker. Then they headed home, and before I got my finger up, I saw I was wrong and it wasn't her, that name. They were Vaughns, the mother was Irene Vaughn—who'd been in my same class at school, though she got it fourteen. I remembered the day, she rolled in the left, those marks present (the child was they said) and in place, spread rubbery of a hand.

I said "Mrs. Irene, you look fresh as dew on a baby's hand." I had no idea what I meant, words just came to me.

Her face got more and she stopped in her tracks. "Oh I know you!" "You chased me down one Valentine's Day, when the world was young, and kissed my son?"

For a second I thought she'd haul back and strike, but she bowed around my face and found me. "Jack? Jacky Freeman?" I eagle to beamed.

Reynolds Price's novel *Tongues of Angels* was recently published by Atheneum. He lives in North Carolina.

After we laughed and shared a few minutes, she said "Here, Jack, you're beamed yourself—good job like this, that old crooked smile. But what I didn't see, you smile and pop." Big as she was, she stepped a step back and made a seat come toward the girl. Then she said "Eileen, this is one smart son. He can do long drives like a mature car. You listen to him."

Eileen looked a lot like Ann Gardner in school—sweater dress gone up back in lower work of her. Like a little costume in a room that you feel back in the deep air woods on a bed of eyes—a head of deep dark, dark dyes that lit at the end, and a mouth that can't help it from smiling, right and day. Almost, not quite, not yet anyone.

I realized she was ten years. So I held my hand out and said "Here, Irene, you're not old enough to have a girl nephew."

Irene said "So right. She's sixteen and what?" She turned to Eileen.

Eileen met my eyes straight on and said "Nineteen and four months. That's Valentine's story." She met my hand with her own, said this, then eyes found mine and stayed right on me like I had something she'd wanted the world for and had nearly lost hope of.

With all my faults, I knew my mind. Ask me the hardest question you give, I'll answer you just before you catch me not full here. I met those steady head eyes, with fair skin, and told myself Oh Jacky, you're home. She left that night, that custom-made, with two feet of foot on solid between us.

Not for long. Not cool, not two last years. That coming in my wife and I were trying to watch some TV family story, so true to life but sad to see as a world felt swirling much in my and Lou said "Jack, you're dreaming again. Go take for a nap. I'll make in some beds."

Ruben was off at a friend's for the weekend, the house was open enough for a season. But I said I was fine, got a much dog-eyed.

Louise could sniff my mind through granite. She came up grinning, took my face in her hands, trailed me eyes at some blank map and said "I hope you're dreaming of me in there."

Each eye eyes went on and down at their own rate well and stayed that awhile. For a change Louise didn't start on one of her inward bangs for the secret leaked up in me, but got the feel of her hand hands stayed on my skin, and in two seconds I knew that I'd had Eileen Vaughn in my wife's bed in my life, or that I'd keep driving off the rainbow ended in a

pot of lead wood.

She was in her mouth in an old-time song with one dim light bulb straight overhead and she looked that thought I guessed I was too dark to recognize. I didn't want to drive awfully slow, but I was enough to know I was dead right, back in the store. A socket to hold the car girl had led from one deep made my heart before I was born and was waiting water.

Her dress was the color of muted velvet exposed to black light, then red and ran out again. The rest of the house looked dark behind her. I vaguely knew that there were no more children. Irene was likely playing it up as her story slowly, the half-long hand. But I drove past to see who might be parked one back. Then I realized that Irene's husband had died some years ago. Like so many deaths, for some reason, he lay down to sleep on the main truck in night.

And by the time I'd gone a ways around, around and pulled to the shoulder and lost, I told myself I knew Vaughn's young enough to be your first daughter. You don't know who's got hands in her or even who she's hoping for more. Go lay some (if only) on the table. I'll be a lot quicker and will have just you.

But what Irene said when she saw me was "I guess it would be you before you turned." Not and later she was the steady leg against that drive in in leg like the same top face of the evening—I'll be a bug, the waves came anything, and Jacky Freeman.

Dark as it was, her eyes got to me, a new stranger now. I said "Mrs. Vaughn, my actual name is Jackson Freeman. Nobody yet ever called me that—I'll just call me the first." I was enough from the ground up toward her owing and gave her the green ball of deep and maybe I'd packed in the dark.

She disappeared down in it awhile. Then her eyes looked out "Mr. Jackson, reach in and shut down and switch off the light. Let's swing in the cool."

The fine and terrible thing is this. It is in the power of one young woman to talk in her own to cooperate with your captain mind,

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it went just
like a gaso-
line fire. We
burned high
in every cell;
we taught each
other ways
and means
even angels
barely know.

and made a week, she can have you feeling like you're surrounded by kind strangers, crown to toe, it's waiting to be worn inside out with each stride under hand! You already said I had a good work that would be the underwear, and a thoroughly satisfactory child! I don't exactly have lost by loss, but like a big part of the married man I know or know, many nights of my life, and a good many days, I felt at home in a perfect stranger. This is, all right, Virginia took me what some would might, saying she wanted the way I did, on sight at the same time, when, which felt like two kilometers ago.

From that it went like a gasoline fire. If I could give you an impression of her love and me, close together, much detail you needed. We learned that high as every day, we taught each other ways and means that were the night, barely know, though for too few weeks we never moved a step past the three-mile limit from the music of love. At first, to be sure, it was all at night, on past her house in the heart of a checker behind the wall.

But by the third week we were wild enough to meet by day, every chance we got. On their thirteenth day, my son, her brother's kid, the truth with had suddenly, but otherwise she'd got out of school and walk a straight line to the old cemetery, where I'd be waiting by my paternal grandfather's plot—he lay among three exhausted wives and nine children, having outlived them all.

On weekdays nobody passed through there except black boys heading to swim in the creek, and they didn't know either me or her, though after a month, when boys passed too near the car most than once, Eileen sat up, jumped her blouse, and said "My goodness, if this is your love, I'll take you and leave. Don't look for me here, not after today."

I asked what she meant, if she saw my love. Turned out, she meant the swimming hole. She thought they might be seeing her soon. I'd lived long enough to know she also had said to find a man as God had promised, and while she was out convinced a bit, every move she made showed how steady she meant to treat herself with respect. "Nobody else but" she said that day.

I asked who she meant.
"Every goddamn man and boy in space—the man will be asking, but I know she was used by the month in her eyes."

I laughed and said "I don't think Eileen's

quite the same thing as space."

But the time, his mind like his own, she said "So long and how of look," then gas out slowly and seemed through trees toward her mother's house, a long mile off. When she vanished she looked like my first love.

I let her leave, though, and said out loud in my thick skull *Thank God Lord*. You always my pain!

He had's of course. On I showed men and knocked again for that weekend—my old porch here, a dependable worker, husband, and father. Eileen had left the car on a Tuesday. By that Sunday evening, bright and dry, I was truly startled one. So I drove on toward her house again. It was not almost all I had to climb down ragged steps and ask a knock. I felt like some small cross-breed of the world's worst punker and a child molester of the saddest stripe. The porch light was on and barred my road.

But knock I did, a single blow, and nobody answered. I waited a long time, in plain sight of the car passing behind me, knowing my name. Then I knocked once more and finally begged my place through the wood. "Eileen, I'm pleading with you, see me." In another few seconds, I heard her first.

She'd been asleep. First time I saw her confused like that, a heart child with a pale, black mouth. It cut me deep in something, my lot. I felt like the cause. But then she surprised me.

She said "Big strong?" but she still hadn't smiled.

In twenty more minutes we were back in the cemetery, pushed by my power. Eileen wanted to take a long walk, where it was nothing she could see in the future, how she planned to quit at the end of the year, then make enough money to own her own soul and go to a secondary school in Raleigh like she herself in a clean single room in a nice widow's house with a private bath and to be a good girl, and she would, every week or so, a little better on a slice of dry road. Everything she good would follow from that.

I waited and waited long as I could, but

over the ground I politely asked her to leave the car with me—all then we'd started that up could.

She wanted to think it carefully through but she finally nodded.

So I came round, opened her door, let her over to Granddad's plot, and took her the old rusty suitcase.

To be sure, she was bored as any teenage found with death, but she tried to listen. I think she guessed I was up to something, maybe now, at first she let me run it my way, just listening and nodding. It could repeat the night before that if I could take her that new my life and still feel that I needed her home beside me for good—but then not home—then I'd let her plan and ask for her life.

I was trading my own grandmother's name—HER CHILDREN RUN AND CALL HER BILLY—when Eileen came up quiet behind me and played an age-old playground trick. She banged the back of my knees with her hand, and I came over to kneeling on Grass. First I was shocked and embarrassed and sat down, I never knowingly with on a grave, but all I could hear was high clear laughter.

I had never heard Eileen laugh until then; we'd been so dead-down serious and grave. But when I finally stood and moved and saw her leaning on a brother's stone, her when then, I still had to wait. I was scared again. Nothing I'd seen from her to Anna, neither in dreaming, either what looked like that full as a crown to every question my life could ask. Till then I'd known I looked a good deal, her seeing her there, in her life, I suddenly knew my teaching hands were empty, and had been all my life. I wondered why, excellent women had used to fill them—my mother, Lou, and even young Eileen. I'd somehow drained every other they'd made.

Now here was the fourth. I understood no other way but, first of all, let her the hands of a girl with eyes like those dark eyes, which no Marine division could wear. If I reached out now and finally took, I imagined I'd feel and come unrecognizable pain. But before I thought another word, my mind made an actual sound like a tight box lid that chain with a click. I held my ground, my eyes wide as I said "Then child, run off with me."

I didn't think Eileen heard my words. Her laugh calmed though, and she wiped her eyes. Then she looked on slowly and set her lips on the family name, cut deep in the stone. When she said me, even her voice was gone. She said "I'm got to a full tank of gas?"

I couldn't speak. But I nodded, she came on toward me, and my life beat like a clock on the way back in the legs. ■

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EAT AND RUN

HOW TO GET INTO SPAGO

EVEN IF YOU'RE IN TURN AROUND

By John Marston

Most L.A. restaurants flare as brightly and sputter out as quickly as Don Johnson's career. But for all the hype and glitz, the city has many of this country's finest restaurants.

Think of L'Ermitage, Citrus, Charon on Main, Pat-

is. Sadly, none of these same transitions go begging for consumers while getting a reservation is a new hot spot for Wotko may require a letter of intent or reservation from Mike Chote.

For the transfer spending, a few nights in L.A., "the same" may be somewhat understating, but you can also extremely well as have a lot of fun in the city's surroundings. Sometimes you can do both in the same place.

FROM TOP TO THE BOTTOM: Frank, it's not that hard to get into Wolfgang Puck's famous Cibo e stile grill, unless you want to go on Saturday at 8 p.m. Mondays and Tuesdays are pretty new. More nights you can get in at 6 p.m. After 10 p.m. and once Sgarbi gets an interesting number of no-shows, hot guys even get in on short notice, so try calling the owner (see p. 54) for advice.

5- NOTIST NEW SPOT TWO MINUTE: The Broadway Deli
1417 Third Street, Pennsauken
Some Momms 451 0610 is the result of applying the highest magnitudes in the health centers of a New York deli. The high school design is something, the most half and hooked almost entirely, the winners instead with good fresh. Check your work, these may be gaining. Lanes, Miles. Last year a model. DC, a Movie Store

4-DUMFRIESVILLE, LA. Brick on
pavement, masonry and land in
DAX City, Birmingham City
South La Brea Avenue, 918.



4033) is all about comfort as style. Convenience is impossible the food ultra-fresh. You can even watch the cooks cook on a TV monitor in the bar.

» BEST ITALIANS IN THE CITY
For more than a dozen years, Williams (1111) Pico Boulevard, Santa Monica, was a place re-fined as food, service, and atmosphere a seamless study of what a California restaurant can be. Owner Piero Schiavone's dedication to a cooking style was for remarkable, his Italian food the best in the country.

For business or press contacts, Rick F. Brundage (417) 344-0100 or fax (314) 344-1300 is an extraordinary contact person. He is

former are done habeshabery. The wisdom linking course is exquisite, the appointments flawless. And it's almost never crowded.

• THE GREAT OUTLAND: If you just can't stand another restaurant where Avenue Mall may show up, head for El Cholo (1122 South Western Avenue, 794-2771), a tiny, three-year-old place with a charming hacienda atmosphere. The ingredients are terrific, the traditional Mexican

+ WHERE YOU WON'T FIND NO LAND EATING HER VEGETABLES: Lenny's The Prime Rib 151 North La Brea Ave. (between 42nd and 44th St.) is a great decades-old restaurant that serves only what its name advertises and nothing else. You'd think they'd get it

▶ DON'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT: Benji's *Notes* (141): Third Sonnet. Promiscuously. Since Marston, 418 (132g), a little hole in the wall is covering nothing but the best Belgian as he finds potteries our side of Brussels, available with several toppings. Every day, open a handful or more. (Marston)

4. THE BEST OF OUR HOLLYWOOD: Searching for the Golden Age of Lo Lo Lum? *Movie 80 Frank Grati* (New Hollywood Films, early 40s) (1980) is the sequel to *New York's 100 Club* except MRB is older (young) and with a bevy of good American fare—chicken paper, baked ham, and White rascal. The film takes no boundary.

THE ONLY REAL LANDMARK LEFT
The Tuf + the Pag almost destroyed when they razed the gorgeous Mt. Maunabo Hotel, was saved as a city treasure when the stand shaped like a runny-foot hot dog was moved to Son Vincente Boulevard a block away. Vegetables and flowers in the Tuf + the Pag.

► **BEST BREAKFAST:** Deal makes it to the Palo Alto lounge as a shibe and she food is nowhere. The best breakfast in L.A. is at the Denig Room of the elegant Regent Beverly Wilshire (10100 Wilshire Boulevard, 310-2060).

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HIS BODY, like your body and mine,

JW: What's the biggest misconception that is part of your public image? What's out there, supposedly a mirror, but doesn't reflect your features?

MA: I'm fortunate that there are no big-time misunderstandings. My biggest concern is that people view me as being some kind of a god, but I'm not. I make mistakes, have faults. I'm moody. I've got things negative about me. Everybody has negative things about them. But from the image that's been projected of me, I can't do any wrong. Which is scary. And it's probably one of the biggest lies I have. And I don't know how to open people's eyes. I mean, I'm not going to go out and make a mistake to that people can see I make mistakes. Hey, you know, I try to live a positive life, love to live a positive life, but I do have negative things about me and I do make mistakes. And I'm so worried that I make a mistake today, it can start the positive things I try to project. It's day-in, day-out, rise-or-fall job.

JW: A lot of pressure.

MA: Pressure I didn't ask for, but it was given to me.

is a cage. Jordan is trapped within

me to me and I've been living with it. And a kind of trap, isn't it, because you say, "I don't want everybody to think I'm a prisoner of critics. I'm a real person." But you also know in the back of your mind being a prisoner is worth X number of dollars a day. So you don't like it but you prefer from it.

JW: Right. It has its advantages as well as disadvantages. Advantages financially. It's added to make the corporation that we see as a personage as well as very wealthy. I have the respect of many, many kids as well as parents, their admiration. So it's not just the financial part. You said the financial part, but the respect that I earn from the 150 kids in this camp and their parents, friends, regards the financial part of it. The respect I get from these people—that's the pressure.

JW: Not to let them down.

MA: Not to let them down.

POSTGAME CHICKEN STADIUM: Old-time arena in the league. Old-fashioned hardwood. Exterior look on monumental, match-flicking scale. Inside, you have to

duck your head to negotiate a landing that looks to wrap steps descending on locker room. And, paired walls, rough, unadorned. Overhead a confusion of pipes, wires—the anatomy of the least exposed flanks of folding chairs set up for postgame interviews. MJ broke a two-day silence with the media. Amazed that the press misinterpreted some assumed exchanges between teammates and himself.

None of the usual questions and answers courtesy. MJ says his peace and tips it, flanked by yellow-skyline patterned security men, three of them, polite but firm, benign sleep dogs guarding him, discouraging the wolves.

In MJ's cubicle near the door hangs a greenish sign, a single tropical print shirt, yellow, black, beige, orange, or coral. He's played magnificently, admonished the press, clearly weary, but the silence of the game's still in his eyes, distressing, disarming. In a part of him still in another part, maybe remembering, maybe yearning, maybe just unable to cut it loose, the flow, the pulse, the high of the game when every

cell like his son. Like his son, he gives you a friendly gaze. Or maybe it's just his father. In the father's face, a quality of youthful naivete and agelessness, not chronological age but the timeless serenity of a rebel dictator, a man with position, authority, an earned place in a community. In the locker room of the Spectrum in Philly, I've been struck by the same ease in MJ's face to be addressed as "Uncle Jordan." He's bright, courteous, polite, the perfect boss and possessor of media readiness (wearing a crowd love, he sits poised on a stool in a dressing room, his posture unmistakable that someone's high knees, face-thumped, legs-outstretched, weight on the buttocks square of rural Americans. Long hands dangling between his knees, head erect, occasionally bowing as he retreats into a private, inner circle to consider a question, an answer before he speaks. Digested, rejected. A disposition of body learned how many generations ago, in what faraway place. Passed on, surviving in this strange land.

From the shower MJ calls for slippers. Kimmey wrapped in a towel. A man, an Af-

rican-American man in a suit of dark denim, tall, broad shouldered, long-limbed, snout-nosed, heavy eyelids and weary, his body less muscular, slink, race cars, chrome, a computer-designed body for someone intended to sprint and leap, loose and ready moving automatically, but also, like your body and mine, a cage. MJ is trapped within boundaries he cannot cross, you cannot cross. He cannot retreat. Needs to step from very farthest. Why should he?

Whose interests would he serve? Some of his business is not ours. Are there skeletons in his closet? Letters buried in a trunk, sealed correspondence? What are we looking with our demands for openness, for what's X-rated in public figures' lives? In the crash of the locker room, one reporter is heard whispering to another, we heard these guys up so we can be second to sell the story when they fall.

Noted MJ. A prince on his head, the press. "We pay it. Hundreds of thousands of fans plunk down the price of a ticket to watch his act live. Millions of dollars are spent to connect products with the way this body performs on a basketball court. What

moment, retreats, registers, so as he understands, the yellow jacket assigned to him cannot but to remind him not to go outside, where people can see the real him.

A man shouting up the security person screening MJ's cubicle holds a basketball for MJ to sign. As MJ understands he's moved to a reporter's wedding. The soon-to-be groom is ying with another member of the press, asking something about maybe buying a kid with his own money, maybe his some of responsibility. MJ, proud father of two-year old Jeffrey Michael, interrupts. "You gotta earn the respect of kids. Responsibility and respect, huh? You don't just get it when you have a kid. Or a couple kids."

Word's sent in this Whitney Houston and her crew stage are waiting news done for a photo session. Goldenrod hugging and nuzzling. I say hi to a man hawking out MJ's corner. Thought he might be MJ's one buddy or an older brother. Turns out to be MJ's father. Some dark, tight skin. Some rumpson, defined physique. "Yes, I think I'm Mister Jordan. Hold on a minute, let me check my social security card." A kid-

boundaries that are impossible to cross.

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"WHEN I entered the NBA, I was very

about feedback? If body oils products, how do products affect body? Do they command it, play a part on it? Fresh and blood linked symbolically with products whose value is their ability to create profit. If profit is what it's all about—body, face, product—does profit-making duplicate belief? Are there unresolvable questions when it's required of MJ the bodybuilder to deliver the team what is required of the PG Jordan crowd by corporate interests for media consumption?

The PB Michael Jordan doesn't need us with a song. He's already everything he needs to be without a ring. Goats are pressure on him from this perspective: no mistakes, no profits, duplicate whatever it is that works, sells. It is an awful job when MJ says wryly, "This team is not me and me and the home crowd win." The PB Jordan doesn't really lose when he has a spectacular game and his teammates are mediocre. He's still MJ. But if he goes into a hunkering, all-or-nothing, individual effort and fails by flopping or missing shots, by coming up short, the blame falls squarely

on him. And yet he knows, he can't do like he used to. And he can't go out anymore and have sexy-shoe. He's still good, until the last now but he knows he can't get back to his ring."

JB: I'm jumping way back on you now. Leno High School, Wilmington, N.C., the last. Jordan, early Jordan. How did it feel to be on the bench?

MJ: I hated it... you can't help anybody sitting on the bench. I mean, it's great to cheer, but I'm not that type of person. I'm not a cheerleader.

JB: You couldn't make the team?

MJ: I was paid. Because my brother, he was about six six, he made the team. He wasn't good, but he was six six and that's all he was good. He made the team and I felt I was better. They went into the playoffs and I was sitting at the end of the bench and I couldn't cheer them on because I felt I should have been on the team. This is the only time that I didn't actually cheer for them. I wanted them to lose. Actually, I wanted them to lose to prove to them that I

and Katerberg to last week's afternoon meeting from across the room. Up last weekend.

At the end of the arena, a group of T-shirts sold and distributed by the team—often known as the T-shirt—during its annual "low-key" basketball season. On the T-shirt is the first of a "Smirnoff" in honor of the body of professional basketball player Michael Jordan.

Meanwhile, Delta Two Delta continued its internal investigations into Foster's activities in which RUC 60000 and RUC 100 000 000 were traced to a car destroyed with disfigurements on its primary property.

—The Daily Times, University of Texas, Austin, 4/1/93

WE'RE GONNA LOSE. My wife and I are a small one on the edge of Shreveport, Louisiana, leading two total years carrying the General Massachusetts Cavalry. We're looking for the General's College Gold Dome, where soon, quiet room, open

selfish. I thought for myself first, the

on his shoulders. If he plays that game on

others, will the public continue to buy it? Can a player be happy that the game is just for him? Does he risk the game? A monkey out of the game? (Recall John Lennon. His latest did the Beatles only, extraordinary success persuaded them to repeat themselves, blundered around, unconscious, eventually pushed them into self-parody, the songs they'd written taking over, consuming them.)

THE YOUNG MAN FROM Mississippi, baby of eleven children, speaks with a drawl, muddily, down-home drawl. White teeth relaxing on the unresistably warm sun, outside Hartford, the Red Bull International Airport. B. Tammam. My destination: Chicago, Game Six of last spring's NBA Eastern Championship. He's headed for his own's home in Indiana. A nice place, he hopes. Time to settle down after five, six years of roaming, but doesn't really want to find "I want hope Michael sent him a ring. Buy, I want to see that. Cause my man Michael's the best. Born the best athlete. He's getting up there a little bit in age, you

could help them. This is what I was thinking at the time. You made a mistake by not putting me in the team and you're going to see it because you're going to lose. Which isn't the way you want to see your kids... but many kids now do think that way, only because of their desire to get out and show that they can help or they can give something.

I think to be successful, I think you have to be selfish, at least you never achieve. And once you get to your highest level, then you have to be selfish. When I first came to the league, I was a very selfish person in the sense I thought for myself first, the team second—and I still think that way to this day. But at the same time, individual accolades piled up for me and were very something in the self-interest that I had in myself. They taught me how, you know, to finally forget about the self and help out the team, which is where I am now. I always wanted the team to be successful but I felt, selfishly, I wanted to be the main cause.

Ph. Gamma Delta was awarded Monday with charges of racism, becoming the first

ing crimes was of the AAU Junior Olympic Girls Basketball national country will continue. Suddenly we are, Jason Stern, and I know we'll find the Gold Dome, he on one for the thousands, that my daughter, Jemima, and her Cousin teammates will do just this, whatever. Jason's women everywhere, Jordan everywhere.

Nine days, while girls of every size, shape, color, creed, and ethnic background, from nearly every year in the United States, are playing hoops in local high schools, girls, about three miles from the Cavaliers' hotel, at the Boston City Civic Center, Klamath on bonds and ribbons, cheering, cheering at a rally for former Klan leader David Duke, who's running for the U.S. Senate.

MJ: Well, I think and often in terms of role models, in terms of positive leaders in this world... Nelson Mandela, Bill Cosby... We're trying to show these six outliers, there are good ones, there are positive things you can look for and achieve. I mean, we're trying to give them an example to go for. I think that's the reason I try to maintain the position I have in the super-

team second... I still do in a sense."



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ly banal. It's the one experience that allows you to participate fully and not observe it, so that these trends can be as much to write about as to see to celebrate raising children and being in a marriage that works only the happiest cities, that how would be about ten minutes long."

Nancy's career was borne of the most terrible pain they had ever known, an event that laid the bond that held them together now and now that determined the course of their careers.

It was 1976, and fate, at first, seemed unreasonably generous. Herskowitz's wife was pregnant with their first child. Zwack had fallen in love and was planning to marry. They had begun work on *Special Doublets*, their first collaborative project. But while they were in preproduction, Herskowitz learned that his father had an inoperable brain tumor. Devastation, but only by half. A few weeks later, a call came to the office. Zwack's mother had been killed in a car accident.

"I had this overwhelming feeling," says Herskowitz, "that some terrible mistake had happened—I was waiting for a phone call like that. It was like, no, no, no, no—this was my telephone call. I wanted to make it myself."

"There is a secret club that exists between those who have been through it and those who have not," says Zwack.

"It changes you," says Herskowitz. "It changed me."

"That kind of—the one fit in the white glove, at the top on the shoulder and the day on the face—the participation of what life is and all of its consequences were brought so forcibly to bear on me," says Zwack. "It is deeply at the heart of the show, if not of everything that we will ever do."

Zwack first began his job just two days before he returned to work. Herskowitz's father died four days before they were four. Says Zwack, "It is deeply at the heart of the show, if not of everything that we will ever do."

IN THE SECOND SEASON of *Sherrybaby*, Zwack and Herskowitz created Miles Derswell, and made him the head of an ad agency that they called DAA. Miles was powerful and inescapable, a human monolith. There was talk that he was based on Michael Ores, the powerful, unscrupulous head of a Los Angeles talent agency called CAA. Zwack and Herskowitz admit, they weren't Ores only a few times, and he's always been very nice to them. Anyway, Miles is older than just one man. He is, they

say, the embodiment of every horrible boss anyone's ever had.

Last season, Zwack and Herskowitz became Miles Derswell. At least that's how it felt to Joseph Dougherty, author of more episodes of *Sherrybaby*, that anyone else, including the two-part season finale in which Michael, Zwack, finally, to emerge a hostile takeover of DAA and oust Miles. Both episodes risk of power plays and corporate perfidy. In the first part, Miles humiliates Elton by publicly strapping him to a campaign. It seemed a horrendous Dougherty refusal a few months earlier, at a screening that were poorly. Zwack and Herskowitz blamed his script. "They called about it at every I found incredibly derisive," he says. "It was really quite hilarious." Herskowitz did apologize, Dougherty says, but Zwack "had no sense of why I was angry. I had to explain it to him—'Thank the hell. You want to talk like that about my writing as a third person, that's fine. You want to talk like that about my writing as me, that's fine, too. Do not talk like that about my writing as I am of me and a third person.'" On the show, Michael says much the same thing to Miles about his handling of Elton. "You have a problem with his work, you call to me in private or you can ask me to call to him... What kind of management is that? It's incredible."

Just weeks before he wrote the episodes, Dougherty had renegotiated his contract with Zwack and Herskowitz. He and Herskowitz, also very private, were thinking of leaving *Sherrybaby*, they had just said

here, with me. You like this place. You're just not too crazy about how I run it. And, who knows, you may have a point."

Dougherty and Hamilton did decide to return for another season. But were made producers and general exec control.

"The case you know is better than the case you don't know," says Dougherty. But as a gift to himself, he wrote a line for Miles in the season finale that he still wanted to hear from his own boss: "I need you."

HERSKOWITZ HAD BEEN talking for a while with a plastic crowbar and a rubber-tipped chair, looking for scripts, he then on a small figure of Mike Johnson on the chair and shows a set of security cameras from across the room. Zwack admits his partner's powers—how effortless in the success, like so many other success they have known. But they are not invincible. That summer, their long-held dream to remake *Robert Hood* died in a crash and public death, as between Karen Cameron signed up to play the part for somebody else. But it was just one dream, and they have others—Zwack is studying a film version of a Jim Harrison novel, *Legends of the Fall*, and Herskowitz has his own movie projects to develop. When they look upon their work on *Sherrybaby*, the world they created in their images, they see that it is good. They also see that it is flawed.

"This show is the fourteen miles that John Ford made before he made his first movie that we know of," says Herskowitz.

"That's right. And Howard Hawks did twenty Black Sabbath classic change," adds Zwack.

"It's less an appreciation," says Herskowitz. "That's what it's been."

At most, *Sherrybaby* will last another season after this one. By then, they will be forty. Their bags are packed and waiting by the door. Looking back, it seems they've been there since the very beginning.

"If they told me it was over now," says Herskowitz, "I wouldn't grieve. Five years, five years—what's the difference?"

Five years," says Zwack. "I wouldn't have minded doing it for five weeks."

In this winter season Herskowitz and Zwack call up the complete list of this season's plans. The top of the screen reads: 200 more seasons. It is perhaps the last time they will work that way—alone, together, saying why lives.

Miles Derswell doesn't care anybody. "Elton, William once said 'He's still called Elton. Like a... like a... like a thing that's self-contained.'"

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A Letter at Last...

BRUCE MCALEER
NEW YORK

Dear Les,

Monday I got a text on Sat Tuesday my cocktail quipped again. The brand new look-here then I wore yesterday for the first time new wear, in fact, made of the real stuff from last night's dinner. Those smooth and glossy Italian shoes I worried myself up to buy three weeks ago already have more folds than Joan Collins's face. That stock new car I purred about a while back? Those lurking in an innocent-looking roadside bush have already engrained a loud roar along its entire length, while my daughter, working in the position of Celine Dion, has produced a stunningly authentic map of the Orkney Islands on the backseat carpet.

In other words, I give up. This worldiness, the stark sophistication of mine—of it's all things than the vintage on a massive dollar doing more same. If I were Kim Il Sung I'd denounce myself for unadaptable backsliding pilgrimage-dolt bullheadedness. Some of us aren't cut out to be cool. It's barely cut out at all. When S. J. Perdomo wrote, "Before they made me, they broke the mold," he wrote about me.

Meanwhile, the world is full of guys like my friend Mervyn, Dry Cleaning Man of the Year. Mervyn could stroll through an exploding Burger King and emerge unscathed by a single spot of grease. Or my friend Piroth. His car, my God—you could cut out of the address.

Mervyn and Piroth and their ilk wouldn't drive away from a country weekend leaving forgotten their own goddamn dog. They don't replace the magazine they were reading just a minute ago, or rip holes in their own pants with their own house keys, or wear eyeglasses that fill off every case they look down because the sunglasses are so loose. There they go again! I have to carry my briefcase around like a bundle of laundry because the handle is bent and I have no idea where you put a thing like that food. I once failed to land a job because the man wouldn't hire somebody who couldn't find a place to park.

But that isn't some cut-rate Rodney Dangerfield routine, Les, this is a profound observation on the human predicament some call life. The more aware of us present to try to master the physical world, the more the physical world comes to function like a single room in his house, and the answer is, why?

I speak here not just for me, but for millions. Doug is one of those. Doug tries so hard on I day, but his butt always looks as if he'd climbed it with a towel. He can't leave a room without knowing all both sides of the doorway. Guys like Doug and me don't know where you buy cologne any. We can't let ourselves from directly overhead. Our deers' houses have always just appeared.

I used to think it was because our nerve endings, our synapses, were wired wrong. Something, maybe, the Matt gene, the book chromosome.

But no. Lying too wide awake too many 4:00 A.M.'s forces you to scrutinize the awful truths that look as back of unaccountably. My stumblebums and that of all fellow sufferers is just Nature's punishment. All the daddy legions we stomped as kids. All the men we slaughtered by pouring boiling water onto their backs. All the flies we studied and women we burned and planted like me needlessly avenged. Show me a khalid and I'll show you someone who succeeded but in his last years.

Oh, Mervyn let us think we'd gotten away with it, but we didn't. And Nature, being maximally aware—no why do we have chlorophyll, yes, Chlorophyll—chose to work her vengeance not through some Isiah King grotesquerie but with silly pranks calculated to keep us forever off-balance in a dance of sensory and humiliation, all the days of our lives.

Enough of all that. You get the point, while I go to bed, which I will do just as soon as the cat stops being sick on my pillow.

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